FEBRUARY REFLECTOR

1732 1932

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2014

https://archive.org/details/weymouthhighscho1932unse

REFLECTOR

FEBRUARY ISSUE

1932

200th ANNIVERSARY
BIRTH OF
GEORGE WASHINGTON
1732—1932

WEYMOUTH HIGH SCHOOL
WEYMOUTH, MASSACHUSETTS
Volume X Number 3

Reflector Staff

1931-1932

Editor-in-Chief
SUE HARPER '32

Associate Editors

Business Manager
Carl Parsons '32

Literary

Edith Baker '32
Nellie Beaton '32
Alan Bryant '33
Loretto Buchan '32
Isabell Dacey '32
Russell Dexheimer '33
Parmys Goodale '33
Helen Nye' 33

Alumni
Arthur Garland '30

Advertising
John Bentley '33
Marjorie Bentley'35
Louise Fay '32
Marjorie Hayward '34
Isabella Knox '34
Patricia Lyons '32
Theda Monroe '33
Mary Reidy '33
Esther Springer '32

Trade School
Henry Laniewski '32

Secretaries

Rita DeMers '32
Ellen Holma '32
Antoinette Lilla '32
Doris Nordell '32
Olga Yetsook '32

Exchange
Nellie Beaton '32
Isabell Dacey '32

Athletics
Stanley Neptune '32

Art
Warren Hilton '32

Faculty Adviser
P. B. Brown

Table of Contents

	Page
Literary Section	3
Editorials	19
Poetry	22
Student Opinion	25
School News	26
Alumni	29
Sports	30
Crystal Ball	32
Jokes	33
Exchanges	34

Literary

An Unsung Hero

Though the year 1775 saw many famous events, important in the life of our country, an event occurred in New Jersey that few people know, since it was important in the life of one man.

But let me tell you the story connected with this event so important and so vital to the life and happiness of Daniel Morris. Dan came from a fine New Jersey family who lived on a beautiful estate about ten miles east of Princeton. The place adjoining theirs was owned by Major Hamilton, a wealthy old gentleman, who lived there with his daughter, Mary Jane, his servants and—his horses. Mary Jane and Daniel had grown up together, and as our story opens Mary Jane had just passed her nineteenth birthday and Dan was almost three years her senior. The first of this chain of events occurred at the Hamilton place early in May, 1775.

There was great excitement in Major Hamilton's stables. The black boys, who kept his horses' coats shining and their stables spotless, were preparing one of the empty boxes for a newcomer. The Major himself was superintending operations, for everything had to be in the pink of condition when the latest addition to Major Hamilton's fine string of horses was delivered. This horse was an Arabian, a thoroughbred, and he must be cared for as such.

"Sam," barked the Major, "the corners of this feed box are not clean, and, Jeb, here's a nail sticking out." And so it went until the Major could find not a wisp of hay out of place or a bit of dust on the floor and then——

"Heah he is, Massa Hamilton," said Jeb; and sure enough, there he was.

Phil Davis stood in front of the stable door, holding the halter of this fine specimen of horse flesh, the finest ever seen by the Major and no doubt one of the finest in the Colonies. Cream-white he was from the tip of his long, sweeping tail to his quivering nostrils. His coat shone like satin and his bright eyes seemed so intelligent that the Major was almost disappointed when he didn't speak. His lines were long, graceful curves and the muscles of his slender legs flexed under their delicate skin as he pranced and fretted, restrained by the hand of Phil Davis. The Major, usually fearful lest he not get his money's worth, almost smiled as he paid the man, for he thought that the large sum was not one half what this Arab steed was worth.

In Major Hamilton's stable there were many fine horses, but there was no comparing them with Bedouin, as the pride of the stables was named. Bedouin had a temper, a fact that the stable boys soon found out, and his whims were many; but though he caused the grooms many difficulties, Mary Jane was a privileged person. She could smooth his flanks without his lively heels becoming active, and she and Sam were the only ones he would allow to put on his bridle—that is, until Dan rode over one morning to see the horse that everyone was discussing.

And Bedouin liked him. Thus, every morning would see Dan at the Hamilton's "to educate Bedouin," so he told Mary Jane. He found this horse an apt pupil and before Bedouin knew it, by Dan's patient, yet firm, method of teaching he had learned many tricks, but the best of them was to kneel on his forelegs as though he were praying.

"It's wonderful," exclaimed Mary Jane. But it really wasn't. Dan had a way with horses, and such an apt pupil as Bedouin couldn't help learning things regardless of the teacher.

For many months, Dan came regularly to the Hamilton's, although Bedouin's education was completed, but then he went away.

There was great excitement among the stable

boys, though Bedouin didn't understand what the trouble was. Intelligent as he was, he couldn't be expected to know that the United Colonies had declared themselves independent of England and that Dan had gone away to serve as Colonel Morris in General Washington's army to help prove to England that the Colonies were independent.

One day the stables were cleared of all the horses save two. Of course, Bedouin was one, for the Major loved and valued him too much to see him go to war as a cavalry horse, and the other, Cleve, the Major wouldn't let them take because of his age.

In December, 1776, the entire region about Princeton was stirred up and worried, too, but the worry was short-lived. You must know that this was caused by Washington's retreat from New York through Princeton and Trenton across the Delaware.

A few days before Christmas of the same year Major Hamilton was out exercising Bedouin, and saw one of his neighbors, a John Howard, accompanied by three British officers, cantering down the road ahead of him, turn in to Howard's estate. Although he was somewhat puzzled by what he had seen, because Howard was known to be rabid for colonial independence, any further thought (for the time) about it was obliterated by the much more important and very welcome news of Washington's successful campaign in New Jersey, which culminated in a victory at Princeton, a little more than ten miles away.

As the war went on, so did Bedouin's life go on, but his life was quiet—totally unlike the war—until nearly two years after Washington's campaign in New Jersey. One day in June, 1778, the twenty-eighth, to be exact, a dusty and breathless man came running into the yard and up to Major Hamilton's house. When this man and the Major came into the stables, Bedouin recognized him as a frequent visitor at the Hamilton's, John Howard. He heard them mention his name and guessed that they wanted him. And right he was, for Sam unfastened the door of his stall and led Bedouin out. As soon as he was saddled and bridled, John Howard mounted.

"Remember, I'm trusting you to take good care of him," Bedouin heard the Major tell Howard, "and above all, get that message through to Lee. Don't use the curb too hard, and bring him back safe, John." With that they were off.

How John Howard rode! Never in his life had Bedouin had such treatment. First dozens of needles pricked his ribs and when he reared to try to unseat his rider, vicious jerks on the curb cut his tender mouth and soon his sides ran with blood and his breast was plastered thick with reddened foam, but still John Howard stayed on. They rode for a long time and then Bedouin began to fret again, this time because of the crack-crack of the bullets and roaring of the cannons. They were nearing Monmouth. Straight for the army of red coats the traitor Howard rode, and there dismounted.

"Where's General Clinton?" he asked an orderly. Having received his directions, he hurried away, leaving Bedouin with the soldier. In a few minutes he was back again and rider and horse became a part of the moving mass of soldiers, horses and artillery that was driving the Colonials before them. Bedouin was terror stricken—never before had he heard and seen these bullets and guns, but Howard kept him going straight for the disordered ranks of the retreating army, using his spurs when Bedouin flinched at continuing, or cruelly jerking on the curb when he shied at some fallen figure.

But suddenly these retreating soldiers were changed into an orderly army, and they turned about to give chase to the British. In the midst of the battle in which you know General Clinton and his red coats got away to the coast, Bedouin felt his rider slide off the saddle, and he was free—but where to go? All around him bullets were cracking and he rushed about blindly, seeking a way out of this din and confusion. Once he stopped to get his bearings, and it seemed that he heard a voice calling his name. It was faint—yet familiar, and looking about, he saw the figure of a man lying on the ground.

"Bedouin, come here, boy, come," this man said weakly.

Bedouin hesitated and sniffed suspiciously. The man sounded like Dan, but how different this man looked from the man he had known, and

besides he could smell fresh blood. He was about to wheel and dash away when:

"Come, come, Bedouin, for God's sake, come here." There was no mistaking it. This was the man he had known, his friend, and he had found him. Bedouin came and soon Dan was smoothing his nose. Then coaxingly, he said, "Now, Bedouin, we'll see if you remember your tricks. Down, sir, down. Kneel, Bedouin." Though his legs ached from the unfamiliar strain (for he hadn't done it for a long time), Bedouin knelt while Dan dragged himself along on the ground to his side.

"Easy, now, easy, boy. Steady, Bedouin," he said, and slowly crawled into the saddle. Then came the demand, "Up, Bedouin, up."

A horse's sense of direction is keen and Bedouin was no exception, for he got off the battlefield and on to the road that led—home. Dan helped him a bit in getting free of the confusion of the field, but his help wasn't for long. He kept his seat more through the force of muscular habit than anything, for he hadn't control of all his senses and a man who has learned to sleep on horse-back doesn't fall off very easily.

The next morning the people at Major Hamilton's estate were astounded to see Bedouin turn into the yard with the limp figure of a man in a blood-stained, dust-covered uniform on his back.

The next year, when Colonel Dan was fully recovered from his wounds, he and Mary Jane were married. The Major gave them, among many other things, as a wedding gift, the dearly beloved Bedouin—one of the unsung heroes of the Revolution. *S. Harper '32*

The Black Cat

The black cat has struck a hard blow at superstition. One of that color stowed away on the fishing schooner "Fharbes" lately. The crew called it bad luck and wanted to throw the cat overboard, but the captain refused. One day pussy climbed up the rigging into the crow's nest. The captain followed, to bring him down. Looking into the water from aloft, he saw a huge school of bluefish alongside. The dories were ordered out, and four hundred barrels of fish were taken. The black cat can make his home on board the "Fharbes" as long as he likes. *Isabell Dacey '32*

A Stone Mountain

About sixteen miles east of Atlanta, Georgia, there is a large block of granite which is known as the largest in the world. The rock is so large that the people of the South call it "Stone Mountain." The rock is sixteen hundred feet high and it is seven miles around its base. From it the view is beautiful.

A few years ago the Governor decided to have the figures of General Lee and his men chiseled out of the mountain. Among the Confederates were to be Stonewall Jackson and Jefferson Davis. The contract was signed, and the chiselers started as soon as the blue prints were completed.

The figure of General Lee and his horse will be one hundred and fifty feet from the top of his head to his horse's hoofs. The figure will be about the size of a nineteen-story office building.

The rest are to be approximately the same height. The carvers state that it will take eight or nine years to complete it.

Michael Striano '34

The Origin of Valentine's Day

Valentine was the name of several saints and martyrs of the Christian Church. February 14 is the day observed for several of them.

These martyrs lived in various parts of the world — France, Belgium, Spain, Africa. But the two greatest were a priest at Rome and a bishop at Umbria, both of whom lived in the third century.

The legends which have been reserved for them have little historical value, for Valentine's Day is more famous as a lovers' festival. This has no connection with the priests, but is perhaps the survival of an old festival of a similar nature. It was observed particularly in England, but to a certain extent upon the continent, too. Mention of it is found as early as Chaucer.

The custom was to place the names of young men and women in a box, and draw out in pairs the names. Those whose names were drawn together had to exchange presents and be each others valentines throughout the ensuing year. Later only the men made presents.

M. Hunt '34

REFLECTOR

What College Didn't Do

The house was overflowing with gladness; old Anne was making pies, bread, cakes, doughnuts, jelly tarts, and a hundred other delicious things; Jim was happy, and showed it as plainly as a police dog can, when he is *happy*. Tim, the gardener, was "sprucing up" the already immaculate grounds, and inside and outside the house, all was hustle and bustle. The cars were washed, the saddle horses rubbed till their coats were glossier than ever. And why? The young master was coming home.

It was the last of June, and Sidford Edwards, Jr., was coming home from college to spend the summer. Last year he had stopped off on his way to Larry Borne's camp in New York, but this year he was coming home, and everyone was happy. The house was filled with gladness. Sid Edwards was coming home!

There was but one person who seemed sorry and depressed. He was in the large, book-lined library at his thinking, reading over and over again a letter, and then pausing to think some more. It was Sid's father, and it was because he loved his son that Mr. Edwards dreaded to see his son return. It pained him, for he knew that the long-dreaded understanding between Sid and himself must come soon after the arrival of his boy.

He was thinking of Sid as a young boy of fifteen. Then again of him as he had been at prep school, at eighteen, and now a junior in college at twenty-one. He came back from the land of thoughts, and looked again at the letter which was the cause of his sadness. It was from his son's college — a short, straight-to-the-point letter:

Mr. Sidford Edwards, Sr.,
The Manors,
Standish, Connecticut.
Dear Sir:

The College begs to inform you that your son, Sidford, has failed in two major subjects this year, and if he returns, must repeat the course.

We are sorry to inform you that this failure in Greek and mathematics is owing to his extraordinary love for journalism and English literature; he has neglected his important subjects for a more than necessary study of these.

Will you please advise us as to the arrangements you wish us to make about this matter?

Yours very truly,
J. H. Thorne,
Dean of College.

So, as in his prep school days, yes, even his childhood, Sid's love for journalism had caused his failure in "more important subjects." He would have it out with Sid once and for all. Just because his father owned half of Standish and was a success was no reason that the boy could stay in college forever and just play at newspaper work. Bah! Who had ever heard of an Edwards working for the narrow-minded editor of some small town newspaper? Yes, he would have it out with the boy, and soon at that.

It was that night after dinner, after Sid had greeted the family and done more than "polite justice" to Anne's cooking, that his father asked him to come to the library.

When Sid entered the library, he noticed that his father was gloomy. "Hello, Dad, what's the matter? Been overworking lately, or am I your black sheep?"

For answer, Mr. Edwards produced the letter from the college. Immediately the expression on Sid's face changed, but he did not read the letter, nor did he speak for some time. Then: "I'm sorry, Dad, but Greek and math just don't come, and—well, I'd rather write than eat, and I can't help it."

"Well, young man, you've had your chance at Greek and math. You're going to work in my mill, at the bottom of the ladder, and all chance for success and advancement depends wholly upon you."

"Never, Dad," answered Sid quietly. "I'd rather collect ashes. I will before I'll work in that dirty mill. I can't. I'm going out on my own. I haven't been a spendthrift, and three-quarters of the more than sufficient allowance you've given me I've banked, and I've my car, and money Mother left me, and—well, Dad, I

guess I'll say good-bye. You understand, I'm not angry, but I hate that mill, and I can't work in it, even for you."

"Boy—Sid, wait a minute! You'll never succeed. Why not take it? You—you won't? Why, you're afraid to soil your hands. Here's a hundred dollars. It's all I'll give you, and you may keep your car and money. Remember, this is a good-bye of your own choosing, and let it remain such until you consider yourself worthy of my consideration."

Sid left next morning in his car. On reaching New York he went to a large garage.

"What will you give me for my car? It's a Lincoln, 1930 model, only driven about fifteen hundred miles; good condition. I wouldn't sell it, only I need the money. Yes, sure it's mine. Didn't think I stole it, did you? Well, don't judge others by yourself, my man. Come on, what will you give me for it?"

"Two thousand cash, if it's any good. Yep, two thousand cash. Is it a go or not?"

They closed the deal, and Sid went back to Standish, but not to The Manors. He had a camp about two miles out, and now it proved useful. He wasn't sure what he'd do, but he deposited his money in the bank. All his worldly cash amounted to five thousand dollars.

Yes, it was pretty good. He could live in ease for some time on that, but Sid had passed the point where he looked upon his future as a life of ease. Now he had an intense desire to "show" his Dad. He bought a paper, some provisions, and went back to camp. After a satisfying meal of bacon and eggs, coffee and baker's doughnuts, he pushed back his chair, stuck his feet on the corner of the table, and began to read.

He opened *The Standish Telegram* and said aloud: "Huh, scandal in li'l ole Standish. We're stepping out, folks. Headlines an inch and a half high! Well, look at this! Just listen to this!" (This to the walls of the cabin apparently).

Standish Times in Last Stages of Bankruptcy Will Be Forced to Sell

"June 28, 1931.—*The Standish Times* filed a plea to-day for bankruptcy, and will be forced to sell out. It may be impossible to find a person who will pay the $3,500 wanted for the paper; if so, it will be a clear case of bankruptcy, which will come as a great blow to the citizens of Standish, as *The Times* is, though a small paper, a reliable one."

"Only $3,500, and I've got $5,000, and—golly! I believe I'll do it if I can get it, if it's not too late—oh, where's my hat?"

Sid went to the office of the editor who owned the paper, and after some arguments about a young man's capability, and so forth, bought the paper.

From that time on *The Standish Times* grew in a strong, quiet way. No one in the outside world, no, none but his most intimate employees, knew of Sid's ownership. The articles, interviews, editorials, and criticisms in the paper were much read and more discussed.

Meanwhile the elder Mr. Edwards's business was increasing. He was thinking of operating another mill if he could buy it, but before the deal was closed he was called away, and it was necessary to leave his affairs in the hands of his business manager, Mr. Hicks. He gave Mr. Hicks full power to buy the rights of the other mill when they had come to the necessary agreement.

Mr. Hicks ran the business for a week; then began to work on his own interests. He "borrowed" $50,000 from Mr. Edwards's firm. His plan was to buy the rights of the Standish Manufacturing Company with the $50,000 "borrowed" from Mr. Edwards, and then sell it back to Mr. Edwards for $80,000, thus making his employer pay $30,000 for the Company rights.

Oh, yes, it was a "bright idea," one to be expected of a man of Mr. Hicks's calibre; but he didn't know that there was a man in Standish who had an eye on the Edwards's factory, no matter what happened. He knew that *The Standish Times* could ruin him if it got hold of his scheme, but there are times when, by keeping quiet, it is possible to harm people a thousand times more than by publicly denouncing their guilt and dishonesty.

And one of Sid's men overheard a conversation when he was looking up some reports on stocks. He told Sid, and within ten hours the

owner of *The Standish Times* had purchased the rights of the Standish Manufacturing Company.

This company began to grow, as had *The Times.* In a month, Mr. Edward Sidney (a name which Sid had been using) had not only made a success of two fast failing businesses in the city, but had also written a book, "What College Didn't Do for Me."

The first thing Mr. Edwards did when he found that the unknown procedure was legal was to direct a detective agency to find the owner of the mill and *The Times.*

The next day the detective reported to him.

"I've found him, Mr. Edwards; he is at present in the office of the Manufacturing Company. I hope I didn't do wrong, sir; I told him to expect an important gentleman in twenty minutes."

In twenty minutes Mr. Edwards walked into the office of the Standish Manufacturing Company, and was surprised to see his son sitting there.

"Sid, boy, you're working! Why, I didn't even know you were in town. Are you secretary to the mysterious Mr. Sidney?"

"No. Whom do you wish to see?"

"I want to see the owner. I've an appointment."

"The owner? Oh, he's right here!"

"This is no time for fooling, Sidford. I must see Mr. Sidney, and at once!"

Sid rose from his chair, stood up to his full height, and could he be blamed if, besides the tender look in his eyes, there was on his lips the faintest suggestion of a triumphant smile?

"Sorry, Dad, Mr. Edward Sidney will be very busily occupied for the next few minutes; in the meantime, I am going to give you a lecture to pay for all the lectures you've given me since I was knee high to a toad."

"First, I'm afraid I'll have to disagree with you that every boy, because he can't do everything in college, is a slacker. That he's a slacker just because he loves and plugs at one special thing. College professors forget that. They forget that a fellow may love his chosen profession as much as his own parents, and hates the other unnecessary things, as much as he hates his father's worst enemy."

"Ah, no, I'm not running down the heads of any college. I love my own too well, but people didn't understand that my life was—is—writing. I had to show them—by golly, I think I have—that my extraordinary love for journalism and English literature and neglect of more important subjects has not done me any harm. I can look you in the eye, Dad, and tell you I'm a success, a clean success. So can the people in Standish. But the one big thing I learned I didn't get in college. I wanted something, and I've learned that if you want something long enough and hard enough you can get it; that keeping everlastingly at it is the thing, and it's the fellow who dares stand out against the bunch who wins. You needn't look bored. You came here to see Mr. Sidney. A word or two before I introduce him. He's a young man, but he has worked hard to show his elders, especially his dear old Dad, that he *could* get somewhere, that he was worthy of consideration. It's been hard, Dad, but you wanted to meet Mr. Sidney, didn't you?"

"Mr. Edwards, allow me to present to you Mr. Edward Sidney of Standish."

"But where—I don't see anyone but y—"

"Well, I like that, Dad. Dad," pleadingly, "I am Mr. Edward Sidney!"

"You, Sid, my boy! You! But how—where? You own the mill, the paper—you wrote that book, that wonderful book, 'What College Didn't Do for Me?' You did it to show me—for me, boy? I see it all now." Mr. Edwards spoke in a dazed way. "Hicks's disappearance, your help, worth my consideration? I guess you are! Boy, I'm proud of you! It took a long time to make me see the light. You've got a dunce of an old Dad, but—oh, Sid, I'm proud of my son!" *Virginia Donley '32*

Two gentlemen went up to a restaurant for lunch, when one of them saw a sign which caused him to turn around and go to another place. He asked his friend to come with him and told him that there was no one in the restaurant. He then told his friend to look at the sign. His friend looked at the sign and read, "All Home Cooking."

Mrs. Smart Learns to Skate

Don't you think skating is dreadfully good exercise? I do and I've been trying it lately. I've got so I really can skate better than some of these young folks, even if I do say so myself.

Joshua said I was rather old to go into such childish business, but I don't see any reason why an old married woman shouldn't enjoy herself if she can. I'd like to see Joshua Smart stop me from skating. He never was big enough to.

Even old Grandma Smith, who has hobbled around on crutches for ten years, tried it. Although she fell down, smashed her specs, and barked her nose, she claims she has a good time.

Well, as soon as it got cold enough to freeze the millpond, I made up my mind to see what I could do at skating. I went to town and bought myself a pair of skates. Then the dressmaker said I ought to have a skating costume. I took the hint, and started to make one. I took a pair of Joshua's red flannels and put two rosettes of green ribbon into the bottom of each leg. Then I took a yellow petticoat and sewed five rows of blue trimming around the bottom of that. For a hat I took one of Joshua's cast-off stove-pipe hats, and cut it down. I had a wide piece of red flannel around it, and stuck a rooster's tail feather in the front of it. Joshua said I looked like an Indian. (I don't know how he could tell, because he never saw one.)

Early Tuesday morning I set sail for the millpond. When I reached the pond, I found it crowded. It was too late to go back; so I sat down and strapped on my skates. I got on the ice, but my left foot began running around the other one. The first thing I knew my heels were up and my head was down. I thought it was night and all the stars were having a shooting-match.

After getting up, I started out again. I found out that my chief difficulty was in stopping myself. I had the wind at my back and it filled my petticoat so that it floated out like a sail. I was coming to the place where the skaters were pretty thick. The first thing I knew I was mowing them down right and left. Hats, gloves, coats, men, women, children, false teeth, and wigs were all mixed up together.

Jim Pratt's toe caught in the braid of my petticoat. I went down, striking the back of my cranium. I thought it had broken my skull, and seemed to hear the rough edges scrape together.

Sam Parker untangled me and escorted me home. I was sore for a week and had to eat off the mantel piece.

I've been skating regularly now. I've frozen both my feet, barked up my face, and got the rheumatism, but I've learned to skate. So what do I care!

M. Poole '35

Resourcefulness is Next to Courage

Mrs. Barnaby Briggs sat up in bed, having been rudely awakened by a slight noise from down stairs. She listened intently. Yes, there it was again. She leaned over and shook her husband.

"Barnaby, Barnaby, there is someone prowling around this house," she whispered fearfully.

"Huh, wha' you say?" yawned Barnaby, blinking his eyes.

"There is someone in this house. Oh, my precious antiques! I just know they will get my antiques," wailed Mrs. Briggs. "Go down, Barnaby, go right down and order them out. Oh, my nerves! What shall we do?"

Barnaby, a timid soul, preferred to turn a deaf ear to his wife until she, with brute force as usual, routed him. There was nothing to do but face it after Mrs. Briggs's wail of "Oh, to think I married a coward!"

Quivering and shaking, poor Barnaby crept down the stairs, his knees knocking, his teeth chattering. Nearer and nearer he came to the living-room. He peeped in and his heart sank. His worst fears were realized. There was someone there, and in that someone's hand he caught the gleam of metal.

Just then the intruder saw Barnaby. Poor Briggs was paralyzed. Then with a heroic effort he said, "Don't mind me. I'm just walking in my sleep," and fled to the upper regions.

Resourcefulness is next to courage.

Ruth Stoddard '32

REFLECTOR

The Dude

In a small Western town in the Deadwood Hills, a group of dry and dusty cowboys had gathered from the surrounding ranches to quench their thirst and play a few games of poker. It was the first of the month and most of them had their month's pay to squander as they saw fit.

"Here she comes, boys," yelled some one, and the local stage coach and its six horses came to a skidding stop. Two strangers jumped out. One, a drummer of the usual type known to Western towns, was given but a single glance. The other, a tall man, evidently of English ancestry, was the cause of much talk.

"Dude!" says Bill Johnson of Cross V to his pal Dick Jones.

"Yep," says Dick, "look at those spats and the hunk of glass in his eye. I'll bet his mother doesn't know he's out."

These and other comments were heard as the two strangers went into the hotel and registered, the Dude giving his name as Algernon Forthergill of London. After asking for a room with a "bawth," which caused several loud guffaws from the cowboys, Algernon and his friend, the drummer, strolled into the barroom. After a few drinks the Dude began to boast.

"I can ride just as well as any cowboy, and I won't bar Buckskin Sam."

Now Buckskin Sam was a famous bronco buster and rodeo rider and there was no man in the West who did not envy him.

Bill Johnson was dying for some fun, and a little easy money was never turned aside by any of the boys.

"Say, feller! You think you can ride. I got a little bronco I'll bet two to one yer can't stay on, and I'll 'low yer ter pull leather."

The drummer backed the Dude, and soon all the boys had their month's pay on Bill Johnson's broncho. A wild-eyed pinto who had never felt the cinch of a saddle was brought out in front, and the Dude looked calmly on, in fact some thought too calmly.

Algernon strolled to a sidewalk chair, carefully laid down his cane and monocle, and then rolled up his London tweeds.

"Whoa, boy!" he said as he grasped the reins, and like a flash he vaulted on the startled broncho's back.

The pinto reared and kicked. His fore feet pawed the air, but Algernon stayed on. Soon a crack was heard in the vicinity of the saddle cinch.

"He's done fer now," yelled Bill, but when the dust lifted, he saw the Dude safely astride his bare-back broncho.

Well, the Dude and his friend collected, and pulled out on the stage that evening. The cowboys, still dry and much disgusted, went to Hank's livery stable for their horses.

"Who were them blokes?" some one asked.

Old Hank laughed and said, "What's the matter, boys? Done yer up? That Dude was Buckskin Sam."

Ruth Clifford '34

School Life

Education has been defined as the process by means of which the individual acquires experience that will function and render more efficient his future actions. So often we go to high school or college with one definite aim—that of plugging until we have mastered the knowledge we get from books. Often in our zeal we forget the experiences which we might acquire outside of school hours when our time is our own. Are not these experiments equally important to our future? If we are going to leave school at graduation to start upon a life of merely applying our knowledge, our future will not look happy. In any profession or occupation we are going to mingle with other people. Our success will depend much upon our ability to get along with these people.

We have an unusual opportunity at our high school to prepare for this event. Here we may enter into club activities, and participate in sports and in organizations. It is here we learn to accept the opinion of others.

If happiness is largely in remembering, what pleasanter experience could we have to remember than our happy and profitable years spent in work and play together at Weymouth High School?

Dorothy M. Branley '32

Burglars—And Burglars

A lone white beam shot round the dust-covered room. The figure outside paused by the open window and looked in. If anybody was foolish enough to leave a window open all night, James Harrison Lee was not the person to ignore it. Nothing stirred inside. Climbing in, Jimmy dropped lightly to the floor, and began a cautious inspection of the sheet-covered furniture.

J. Mortimer Swank had closed his palatial residence for the summer. Nevertheless, there was bound to be something of value left behind—hence the midnight marauder.

Jimmy kept up his prowling. Unobserved by him, another trim figure was hidden from view behind a luxurious drapery at one end of the room. This secreted person followed every move of the burglar, until at last Mr. Lee was ready to leave. He stood by the window a minute, resting the heavily loaded sack on the floor, when suddenly the lights flashed on and a cool voice said,

"Put up your hands!"

Dismayed, Jimmy did as he was told. Turning, he stared uncomfortably at his captor, standing awkwardly, first on one foot, then on the other.

"Phwat's going on here?" demanded an unmistakably Irish voice from the window, as the "copper" on the beat made his entrance.

"This-er-gentleman paid me an unexpected midnight visit," explained the man with the gun. "Will you please take charge, officer?" Er-you can leave the bag where it is."

"Yessir," replied O'Reilly, respectfully. "Will you be down in the morning to prefer charges, sir?"

The man barely stifled an affected yawn. "Er-I hardly think so. This will be quite a feather in your cap, sergeant, capturing this villainous chap as he was escaping with the loot, won't it?"

"Oi understand, sor," O'Reilly winked. "But I'm not a sergeant yet, sor."

"Really? What a stupid lot of officials we have at headquarters. I'll speak to the Commissioner in the morning."

"Quite so, sor. Good night, sor."

"Good night, serg-er-officer."

O'Reilly departed with his prisoner.

Alas, I fear it will be a long time before Officer O'Reilly will sit at a sergeant's desk. The nimble Jimmy managed to escape from the clutches of this guardian of the law before they reached the station. Vowing vengeance on the smooth-talking individual who had him arrested, he fled straight to the Swank mansion.

After loitering about for half an hour, he gathered up his courage and approached his former means of entrance.

What's this? The window is still open. Jimmy exulted, and then suddenly fell back in astonishment and fear. A black figure appeared in the window and dropped to the ground outside. Picking up a clumsy sack, this person walked briskly to the end of the lane, where he turned. Back to Jimmy drifted a familiar voice.

"That was easy! Better luck next time, partner!"

Jimmy gasped and sat down weakly.

Sergeant Connors sent the following telegram to J. Mortimer Swank the next day.

"Your son apprehended burglar in house. Man escaped. Shall we continue search?"

J. Mortimer Swank sent the following telegram to Sergeant Connors the same day:

"I have no son. Both men were crooks. Start search immediately."

Russell Dexheimer

Talk about co-operation! When Dell was in the jeweller's shop to get his watch he asked the jeweller how he got the correct time. "Oh," said the jeweller, "I set my clock by the sunset gun at the fort."

A few days later, Bill was down at the fort looking it over and asked how they checked up on their watches so as to shoot off the sunset gun on time.

"Why," they said, "we check our watches every day by the clock in the jeweller's window."

REFLECTOR

Editorial

Although this issue of the Reflector is in honor of Washington's Birthday, we must not forget that the birthday of another great man occurs in February, also. For some reason or other, no doubt since 1932 is to be marked by nation-wide celebrations to commemorate the two hundredth anniversary of the birth of George Washington, we have received countless essays on all phases of his life, but practically none on Abraham Lincoln. Of course, this great man must not be forgotten. So we are printing a poem by Edwin Markham, which is, in our opinion, the greatest tribute we could ever hope to pay to Lincoln's famous name and fine character.

The Editor

Lincoln, the Man of the People

Then the Norn Mother saw the Whirlwind Hour
Greatening and darkening as it hurried on,
She left the Heaven of Heroes and came down
To make a man to meet the mortal need.
She took the tried clay of the common road—
Clay warm yet with the genial heat of Earth,
Dashed through it all a strain of prophecy;
Tempered the heap with thrill of human tears;
Then mixed a laughter with the serious stuff.
Into the shape she breathed a flame to light
That tender, tragic, ever-changing face,
And laid on him a sense of the Mystic Powers,
Moving—all hushed—behind the mortal veil.
Here was a man to hold against the world,
A man to match the mountains and the sea.

The color of the ground was in him, the red earth,
The smack and tang of elemental things;
The rectitude and patience of the cliff;
The good-will of the rain that loves all leaves;
The friendly welcome of the wayside well;
The courage of the bird that dares the sea;
The gladness of the wind that shakes the corn;
The pity of the snow that hides all scars;
The secrecy of streams that make their way
Under the mountain to the rifted rock;
The tolerance and equity of light
That gives as freely to the shrinking flower
As to the great oak flaring to the wind—
To the grave's low hill as to the Matterhorn
That shoulders out the sky. Sprung from the West
He drank the valorous youth of a new world.
The strength of virgin forests braced his mind;
The hush of spacious prairies stilled his soul.
His words were oaks in acorns; and his thoughts
Were roots that firmly gripped the granite truth.

Up from the log cabin to the Capitol,
One fire was on his spirit, one resolve—
To send the keen axe to the root of wrong,
Clearing a way for the feet of God,
The eyes of conscience testing every stroke,
To make his deed the measure of a man.
He built the rail-pile as he built the State,
Pouring his splendid strength through every blow.
The grip that swung the axe in Illinois
Was on the pen that set a people free.
So came the Captain with the mighty heart;
And when the judgment thunders split the house,
Wrenching the rafters from their ancient rest,
He held the ridgepole up, and spiked again
The rafters of the Home. He held his place—
Held the long purpose like a growing tree—
Held on through blame and faltered not at praise.
And when he fell in whirlwind, he went down
As when a lordly cedar, green with boughs,
Goes down with a great shout upon the hills,
And leaves a lonesome place against the sky.

Edwin Markham

What Would Happen Among the Freshmen:

If Alice Dixon did not answer in English?
If Hilda Beal came to school early?
If Max Cormickhall started growing?
If Anna Burns ever got zero in math?
If Mary Byrne did not blush when you spoke to her?
If Vera Callahan got an "F"?
If Arthur Boudreau could speak English?
If Franklin Burrill stopped making wise cracks?
If James Connolly did not write notes to a certain freshman girl?
If Gerald Carrier did not talk about Canada?

A. J. Akerstrom '35

A Mission Completed

This story I found in "Naval Records of Ships in Washington, D. C." While the battle was raging the extra radio operator threw this story, in dots and dashes, out in the atmosphere to be picked up by a special tug.

It was Friday the thirteenth, December, 1917. A long, lissome destroyer bearing the name U. S. S. Kane cut through the rolling gigantic combers of the North Sea. A cold, biting wind came over her port quarter, which made the deck force shiver. It was a grey, somber, sullen, freezing day that did not improve the spirits of the men.

The Kane had been at sea for two months now, stopping for fuel and supplies. You see, she had a mission assigned to her. She was to capture or sink the German U Boat, U15, that had been sinking so many ships, warring and neutral, in that area.

'Way below decks in the bowels of the trim little destroyer the watch were working hard to keep the "old crack" under way. Sweating, swearing, working "gobs" stripped to the waist shoveled coal into the huge boilers. On deck men were cleaning, priming, greasing and oiling guns and torpedo tubes. They shivered at their work, and muttered a curse now and then. Up on the bridge officers were busily engaged pouring over navigating charts. Above them, on the flying bridge, signal men were busy at their work. And way up above them on the deck, at a dizzy height, the lookout hung on for dear life, but always alert and conscious. The most impressive thing was the way the men were working with silent, death-defying grimness.

At that minute, from the lookout, there came a sing-song, mournful bellow, "Periscope ho!" From the bridge came the query, "Where away?" Then the answer, "Two points off the starboard bow." A general alarm was sounded and battle stations were named. But before the Kane could fire, three lithe dirigible-shaped objects left the U15, as it proved to be, in their white, foamy wake. The torpedoes from the submarine hit the destroyer amidships, before she could maneuver out of their way, leaving leaks hopeless to fix. Then the Kane fired her first volley, but in vain. The U-boat had immediately dived, and the torpedoes and shells from the destroyer had been useless.

To an outsider it would seem that the battle was lost, but to the Navy it had just begun. Depth bombs were heaved into the swirling brine, and on that sinking ship not a man so much as blinked an eyelid toward escape and safety for himself. Then came an eruption that seemed to come from the bottom of the ocean, but was only the U-boat blowing up. The depth bombs at last had found their target. The Kane had been almost cut in half by the torpedoes that had hit her. So the terrible strain that had been put on her broke the destroyer in halves. All hands were lost, but I know each man had a smile on his face, because he had helped to carry out their mission.

Roy Tenny '35

Thoughts

As I sat typing wearily at a letter which I had tried again and again to write correctly, my thoughts drifted away from the page in front of me. I still struck at the keys mechanically, but I knew not what I wrote.

I was now a weary British soldier dwelling on unforgettable days of the past. My thoughts took me to an old Moulmein Pagoda in the far East, where a Burma girl knelt in devout prayer before a huge stone idol. The tinkling temple bells made my blood pulse rapidly through my veins, and the soft, balmy, scented air, with the rustling and murmuring of the tall grass and underbrush, filled me with a feverish desire to be back once more beneath its spell, and away from the cold, gloomy fog of London. I savagely compared the heavy, beefy-faced, English maiden to that slim, dusky Burma girl. I yearned to rise once again with the dawn as it came from the depths of China across the Bay.

Gradually the clicking of the keys brought me back to the dull, every-day surroundings, and glancing at the copy in the machine before me, I found that I had typed the words to Rudyard Kipling's "Road to Mandalay."

R. MacDougall '33

REFLECTOR

The Family Name of Washington

The Washington family was of ancient English stock, and its genealogy has been traced back to the twelfth century.

At the time of William the Conqueror's conquest of England there were many wealthy estates and towers. One of these was the county of Durham, in northern England. This place was much noticed by William the Conqueror, because it was on the frontier between England and Scotland, and was liable to invasions from the Scotch.

Among the knights who owned estates in this county of Durham was William de Hertburn, the progenitor of the Washington family. He was a friend of William the Conqueror, and was a prominent figure in the country. Later the family exchanged its estate for another one with the name of De Wessyngton. Consequently the family changed its name of de Hertburn to De Wessyngton, as was the custom of the time.

Nearly seventy years afterwards the family still had possession of the same estate. The names of Boudo de Wessyngton and William, his son, appear on charters of land, granted in 1257 to religious houses.

The De Wessyngtons took part in many minor battles, and a few major ones. In the reign of Edward III the name of Sir Stephen de Wessyngton appeared on a list of knights who were to tilt at a tournament at Dunstable in 1334.

For more than two hundred years the De Wessyngtons had figured in various activities and kinds of life — the hunt, tournaments, county councils; and some of the family were in the clergy. But by 1400 the estate was sold, since there were no immediate heirs to inherit it. However, there were some descendants from William de Hertburn, who distinguished themselves in various professions. Their names were recorded in a few history books, and were engraved in chapels and churches. By degrees the name of De Wessyngton changed to Wessyngton, Wassington, Wasshington, and finally Washington.

One of these descendants of William de Hertburn was Lawrence Washington, to whom George Washington's branch of the family immediately belonged.

Lawrence Washington was Mayor of Northampton for some time; and received, indirectly from Henry VIII, the manor of Sulgrave, in Northamptonshire, which remained with the family for many years. All of these Sulgrave Washingtons distinguished themselves in battles.

Lawrence had two great-grandsons, John and Andrew, who were the first of the family to move from England. The two brothers came to Virginia and settled in Westmoreland County, near the Potomac. John married and moved to Bridges Creek, on the Potomac. He became an extensive planter, and in the course of time was elected a magistrate and a member of the House of Burgesses.

The estate continued in the family. His grandson Augustine, the father of our Washington, was born there in 1694. He was married twice. By the first marriage he had four children, two of whom, Lawrence and Augustine, survived. By the second marriage he had four sons, George, Samuel, John and Charles; and two daughters, Elizabeth and Mildred.

Here we have the ancestry of George Washington, and also, briefly, the characteristics of some of the ancestors. Washington's inheritance of their qualities — military aptness, managing ability, and perseverance—certainly showed in his life.

Louise Merrill '32

A Coal Mine in New England

I wonder how many people realize that within a distance of fifty miles of Boston there is a coal mine in full operation producing thousands of tons of coal a year. This mine is situated just outside Providence, Rhode Island, and on the direct road to Newport. It has been in operation for a great many years. Perhaps the reason it is not better known to the people of New England is that it produces a low grade of bituminous or soft coal, and with the supply of higher grade coal from the west the market for this Rhode Island coal has been limited.

Owing to a new development of some German engineers, by which a number of foreign elcoal to be compressed into brickettes of such a consistency that they may be dropped on a concrete floor without breaking, this mine is now flourishing and is destined to become one of New ements are extracted, a process which enables the England's large industries.

N. Dresser '34

REFLECTOR

Believe It Or Not—But It's True

Shortly after the World War, a distinguished Congressional party from America made a tour of China. They were entertained royally by the Chinese Government and by the American Minister at Peking. At last one of the company heard of Peitaiho, a well-known summer resort in northern China, and immediately they all asked for a special trip there.

Not wanting to put the Government to further expense, the American Minister asked the American residents of that resort to welcome them for a day. Being a friend of ours and knowing that we could house them all, he asked us to let our home be their headquarters for the day.

We gladly consented and they arrived, one hundred fifty-six in number. They went in swimming, rode donkeys, and explored the summer resort during the morning. At noon, thanks to our wonderful servants, who borrowed from far and near, tables, chairs, table-linen, dishes and silver, and with the aid of native assistants, and two cooks, a full course dinner was served to them.

After dinner, some of the people, including a pompous Senator, attended a tea party at the house of the American Consul-General. As those at the tea were to go to the train directly after the party, the Senator asked the Consul's wife if she would send a servant to our house to get his bathing suit, which had been left there to dry.

A servant was dispatched, and soon returning with some clothing over one arm, he entered the screened porch while the tea was still in progress. He planted himself before the self-satisfied Senator, and, displaying a checkered bathing-suit, he asked, "This b'long yours, Master?"

"Yes," meekly responded the portly gentleman.

"And this?" asked the servant holding out a tiny towel.

"Yes, put them in my bag," roared he—terribly embarrassed.

The servant, however, was still puzzled and he continued, "But, Master, Dr. Nye's coolie say these b'long yours. He savvy you hang these up with your bathing-suit."

The ladies present, could not control their mirth and laughter which burst upon the ears of the mortified man. For the servant was displaying, carefully, to the horror of the corpulent Senator, and before the eyes of the distinguished company, a large pair of pink corsets.

The poor Senator was greatly chagrined to have the secret of the sylph-like figure which he wished to acquire so brazenly disclosed.

Helen Nye, '33

A Call at the Dentist's

The dentist may be a saver of teeth, but he certainly is not a saver of feeling.

As the patient climbs the stairs to the waiting-room, he sincerely hopes that the doctor has some reason for canceling his appointment. He is greeted by a white-clad nurse, who assures him that the doctor is expecting him. The nurse cordially invites him to make himself at home; so he wearily sits down and attempts to interest himself in a magazine. Through the open transom he hears familiar groans, which are most encouraging. In a few minutes a man emerges from the doctor's operating room, looking as though he had been drawn through a wringer.

Now the patient sits in the chair and tells the dentist about his toothache. The doctor decides that the tooth must come out. The patient's hair is on end, and he wonders why his knees do not remain stationary. After a few shots of novocain, the dentist bends over him armed with a wicked looking pair of forceps. A few yanks and pulls, and the job is over.

"Aw! That was not so bad after all," he is later heard to say. *Marshall P. Bearce '34*

Miss Brown: "You ought to get married, Mr. Jones."

Mr. Jones: "I have wished many times lately that I had a wife."

Miss Brown: "Have you, really?"

Mr. Jones: "Yes, if I had a wife, she'd probably have a sewing machine and the sewing machine would have an oil can, and I could take it to my office, and oil my office door. It squeaks horribly."

REFLECTOR

Some Anecdotes About Lincoln

A friend of Lincoln's was boasting about his own race-horse. "Abe," said he, "I've got the best horse in the world; he won the race, and never drew a long breath." Mr. Lincoln calmly paid no attention to this bragging statement. The neighbor repeated his words. "Abe, I've got the best horse in the world; after he had won the race, he never even drew a long breath."

Lincoln said quietly, "Well, Larkins, why don't you tell us how many short breaths he drew?"

While Lincoln was showing goods to some ladies in a store, a bully came in and began to talk in a profane manner, wishing to provoke a quarrel. Lincoln leaned over the counter and begged the fellow not to indulge in such speech, as ladies were present. The bully retorted that he'd like to see the man who could keep him from saying what he pleased. He was coolly told that Lincoln would hear what he had to say, after the ladies had retired.

As soon as the ladies had gone, Lincoln found to his disgust that the man was not to be put off without a fight; so he said, "Well, if you must be whipped, I may as well do it as anyone else."

That was just the result that the bully had been seeking, and out of doors they went. Lincoln made short work of the other, throwing him upon the ground and rubbing smart-weed into his face and eyes, until the fellow screamed with pain. Lincoln did this without a particle of anger; and when the job was finished, went immediately for water, and did all he could to stop the victim's distress. The result was that the man became Lincoln's lifelong friend.

Lincoln was riding in the train one day, when a stranger said, "Excuse me, sir, but I have an article in my possession which belongs to you."

"How is that?" inquired Lincoln.

The stranger took a jack-knife from his pocket. "This knife," said he, "was placed in my hands years ago, with the injunction that I was to keep it until I found a man uglier than myself. Allow me to say, sir, that I think you are fairly entitled to the property."

Two men were quarreling over the question as to how long a man's legs should be in proportion to the rest of his body. At last they took the question to Lincoln, who listened to the arguments presented by each side. Then, with the gravity of a judge, he delivered his opinion.

"This question has been a source of controversy, for untold ages, and it should be decided immediately. It has led to bloodshed in the past, and there is no reason to suppose it will not in the future."

"After much due consideration, not to mention mental worry and anxiety, it is my opinion, all side issues swept away, that a man's legs, in order to preserve harmony of proportion, should be at least long enough to reach from his body to the ground."

Lincoln was, naturally enough, very much surprised when, one day, a man of rather forbidding aspect drew a revolver and thrust the weapon almost into his face.

"What seems to be the matter?" inquired Lincoln with all the self-possession he could muster.

"Well," replied the stranger, who did not appear to be at all excited, "some years ago I swore an oath that if I ever came across a man uglier than myself, I'd shoot him on the spot."

Upon hearing this, Lincoln's expression lost all suggestion of anxiety. "Shoot me, then," he said, "for if I am an uglier man than *you,* I don't want to live!" *Sylvia Merrill*

What Would Happen If:

Pat were Tigers instead of Lyons?
Stewart were Soft instead of Loud?
Marion were Lake instead of a Poole?
Stan were Apollo instead of Neptune?
Virginia were a Cinder instead of a Cole?
Nunu were a Cobbler instead of a Taylor?
Edith were a Butcher instead of a Baker?
Carl were Preachers instead of Parsons?
Adelaide were a Date instead of an Olive?
Garland were a Gong instead of a Bell?
Margaret were Rods instead of Miles?
Lorin were a Lobby instead of a Hall?
Bettie were False instead of True?
Otto were a Painter instead of a Mason?

We Seniors.

The Storm

The wind howled through the rigging; the sleet formed a great cape of ice on the exposed parts of the Lady Maria. The long sou'-wester worn by the man at the helm was all ice. On the northeast side of the helmsman there was a thick sheet of snow formed by the beating of the terrific wind, which bore snow for miles across the sea. On either side of the captain stood two white objects, who strained every muscle in their bodies to man the braces. Amidships and forward were four white objects moving about like ghosts in order to keep warm and man the sails and other braces. The whole ship was a moving mass of white. The masts appeared to be three times as thick as they actually were. Yard-arms and ropes looked like white telephone poles. Even the sails had a thick layer of ice on them, and it was with great difficulty that the frozen seamen raised and lowered the sails according to the warning orders from the captain.

"Lower the tops'l," bellowed the captain as the Lady Maria plunged into a valley of a large wave, and a terrific blast of wind struck the sails so that the ship almost sailed on one side for a moment.

Up, up, up! The ship seemed almost to turn backwards; the men had to check themselves instantly for fear of sliding overboard. The ship mounted the crest of a tremendous wave. The top was reached, and she slid down into the cavernous hollow of the waves.

And up and down went the ship all during that dark night. The rain was blown in torrents by the strong northeast wind. No sooner would the rain strike the ship than it would turn into ice. Snow mingled with the rain and made matters worse, for the seamen hardly knew where they were headed or what obstacles lay in their course.

No one slept that terrible night, not only because there weren't enough men to man the ship, but also for fear of being drowned while asleep.

All the lights on the ship had been extinguished, so that all that could be seen was a moving mass of white contrasted against the black background of the rough sea.

Such storms are not easily forgotten by seamen, when a mere mistake in pulling the wrong rope, or lowering or raising the wrong sail, or even negligence in obeying the orders of the captain, may result in the death of all men on board—victims of the mighty wind on the cruel and mighty sea. *Bernard Ruscetta '32*

The Boy Scout

When a boy enrolls in a scout troop, he has taken one of the most important steps of his life.

He has everything to gain and nothing to lose, for the scouts offer every opportunity to gain practical knowledge. When he joins the troop, he is a Tenderfoot Scout. Thirty days later, if he passes the required twelve tests, he may become a Second Class Scout. The next rank is First Class Scout. In order to be of this rank, the scout must give sixty days service as a Second Class Scout and also pass twelve more required tests.

Now he is ready to select from about eighty-eight merit badges subjects the ones which he thinks he can pass. Three months after becoming a First Class Scout, he may if he passes five merit badges, become a Star Scout. Three months later if he has passed five required merit badges in addition to five others, he may become a Life Scout. Now he has reached the second highest rank in scouting. His next step is Eagle Scout. In order to attain this rank, he must pass twenty-one merit badges. Twelve of these merit badges are required and in only one case is there an alternative. The boy that reaches this rank is said to have received as much education as a boy that goes to college two years.

William Chance '34

Rastus was painting his house on a hot summer day. He had on two coats. A friend looked at him and said, "Say, what's the idea of having on two coats while you're painting?"

Rastus: "Why, it says right here on the can, 'For best results put on two coats.'"

Nit: I'm a marked man.

Wit: Ah, so you've been skating again?

A Knight of Old

One evening, not long ago, I received an invitation to attend a masquerade ball. No one would be allowed on the floor unless in costume. I delayed getting a costume until one hour before the ball. Then I rushed over to a musty little costume shop, and grabbed the only costume the proprietor had left. I didn't want the thing, but it was all there was. So I had to take it. What was it, you ask? Well, to me it was a mixture of two Mack trucks and an iron foundry. In other words, a suit of armor.

I took it home and started to assemble it. First, I looked around for the tin pants. I found a pipe-like affair, which I took to be them, and endeavored to clamber into them. I solved this problem by standing them up, climbing on a chair, and jumping down into them. This little maneuver cost me the skin of both shins. Next, I turned to the coat of mail. It was all in one piece, so I had my landlord lower it over my head, and rivet it in place by a few blows with a machinist's hammer.

The helmet was so big, that I could raise the beaver (visor) and poke my whole head out and gaze about me. Once, though, the visor came down on the back of my neck and nearly strangled me. After that I kept my head in.

After other decorations were added, I slung my shield over my shoulder, and with sword in hand, started for the Ball, creaking and clanging like all the Fords in America.

Half-way down the stairs, I stopped to look in a mirror which was in a niche in the wall. As my helmet appeared to be a little askew, I raised my iron-clad arms to adjust it. This made me top heavy; also it made me perform some balancing tricks, but all in vain. The much sought after balance had fled. In other words, I lost my balance. With a roar like Niagara, and a crash like the recent stock market, I smashed down the remaining stairs. The good parson who was coming up stairs to call on Grandma Stewdgran had the misfortune of having his feet knocked out from under him by an utterly vanquished knight.

My rolling journey was stopped by sudden contact with the floor, from which place, after unhooking my spurs from ruined furniture, and emptying some gold-fish out of my helmet, I was carried back upstairs by three good strong men.

KNIGHTS OF OLD—MEN OF IRON —BAH!!!

Gardner Jones '32

A Page from the Book of Life

A poorly dressed girl was standing in front of the window of a small, dingy cafe in the poorer section of the city. The suit which she wore was shabby, her gloves full of holes, and her hat out of shape. One's attention would be attracted almost instantly to the girl's face, which was beautiful in spite of the dark circles under her eyes and the obvious signs of the ravages of hunger and poverty which marked her high forehead and pale cheeks. Her chin, which might once have showed courage and self-confidence, was now drooping and weak.

The girl suddenly turned and walked slowly into the dimly-lighted cafe. Inside she took a seat at the small tables near the door. At the other side of the room sat a well-dressed man about forty years of age. He glanced occasionally at the girl.

A young man sitting a few feet from the girl saw the pitiful way the girl looked at the menu. He called a waiter and ordered a substantial meal and then told him to give it to the girl. The sight of the food seemed to be too much for her, and she slipped from the chair in a faint. The people in the cafe crowded around her, exclaiming over such a pitiful sight. The girl was brought out of the faint, and after she had eaten some food, she was helped into a taxi by many tender hands.

In the office of the theatrical manager of the biggest theater in the city sat the same middle-aged man whom we saw before in the cafe. The door opened and in walked the girl of our story, now beautifully dressed. Her chin was held high and her eyes were a clear blue.

She walked to the desk and addressed the man.

"Well, Mr. Fairbanks, you said I couldn't act any more! My acting isn't realistic, eh? I put over the test. Now let me sign that new contract."

R. E. Manuel '33

Washington—A Boy's Idol

About every boy you speak to has, deep down within him, a hidden worship of some hero who has done some deed that has aroused the young boy's interest. Sometimes, though, that idol is of the wrong sort, a gangster, or a person who deals in immoral or crooked things. Perhaps he is a seaman, an aviator, or even a lowly taxi driver.

To me, a boy need only turn to his flag, and in that banner read the whole heroic story of that great hero, George Washington.

From early youth to his teens, he was always a wonderful example of boyhood. He participated in out-of-door sports, rode horseback, and enjoyed the best of health. Lord Fairfax said that he was a spry lad in the chase, but a sober lad in the council. This out-of-door life fitted him for the future years in the wilderness and in the saddle.

While yet a young lad, he accompanied General Braddock and his army against the French and Indians in 1755, and in the terrible battle that followed, it was Washington alone who saved the day.

Not many years after, Washington took over the Continental Army. He fully realized the great responsibility now bearing upon him, and successfully brought the Army through those never - to - be - forgotten years of 1775-1780. Through famine, cold winter, sweltering heat, Washington never allowed the morale of the little army to be lowered. When in doubt as to what to do, he knelt in prayer and sought guidance from the Great General.

After his military career, he wished to retire to Mount Vernon, but the people wished to be under his guiding hand again; so they made him the First President of these United States.

His doctrines were sane and filled with common sense. Perhaps if we paid more attention to them now, we should be better off.

The American flag is Washington's life testimony, for without *him,* we never should have had *it*. He stood for everything that flag stands for. And what better idol can there be for any youth to follow than George Washington, "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen?"

Gardner Jones '32

Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes

Oliver Wendell Holmes, Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, resigned January 11, 1932, at the wonderful age of ninety-one. He is noted for his remarkable decisions.

On March 9, 1841, was born one of our wisest and most honored statesmen. He is the son of the famous author of the same name. He attended private schools and left Harvard just before his graduation day, when the news reached him of the firing upon Fort Sumpter. He enlisted in the army and was wounded in battle. During his service in the war, he received the ranks of major, lieutenant-colonel, and colonel.

In 1866 Holmes went back to Harvard to receive his degree of LL.B. He remained in private life for a few years, practising law, but then returned to his Alma Mater to become an instructor. He has degrees from Oxford, the

University of Berlin, Yale, Amherst and Williams.

This great scholar was appointed associate justice of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, and in 1899 was made Chief Justice.

After proving himself tolerant in the State court, he was appointed Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States by President Roosevelt. Mr. Furnifold M. Simmons of North Carolina is now the only living member of the Senate which gave its advice and consent to Roosevelt at Holmes's appointment.

The name of Oliver Wendell Holmes, the justice, the teacher, the soldier, and the author, will long remain in the minds of his fellow Americans.

Elizabeth Freeth '32

The Mariposa

One Sunday recently I had a very interesting and educating experience. With my father and mother and several friends we were guests of the Matson Company on their new eight and one half million dollar liner at Fore River in Quincy.

We arrived at the plant and were required to show our passes before we could go on the boat. It had previously been planned to have a public inspection, but because of the fire at Newport News recently, which destroyed a three million dollar craft, it was decided only to allot a certain number of passes to each official.

When we finally reached the upper deck we first realized what a wonderful thing this boat was. It was much larger than we had expected it to be. The guide told us that it was 632 feet long, 79 feet wide and had a displacement tonnage of 26,000. When we were told that we hardly believed it, but as our trip progressed we began to realize what a huge floating palace this really was.

An outdoor swimming tank on the top deck for 1st class passengers and one on the deck below for 2nd class, a large dining room large enough for all the passengers to eat at once, a modern theatre, a broadcasting system, and a huge promenade deck are some outstanding features. The walls were all hand-painted, with all kinds of artistic works. Twenty grand pianos contribute to the entertainment features.

We walked for an hour and a half through beautiful public rooms, private state rooms, corridors and three gorgeous four room suites, and still we had not seen all the wonderful things on this boat.

As we progressed we learned from the guide the following facts:

The Mariposa has nine decks, six for passengers.

For coolness' sake she is painted white, a surface that absorbs little of the sun's heat.

Each state room has a telephone.

There are four elevators on the boat.

There are a laundry, a tailor shop, two beauty parlors, two barber shops, a novelty shop, a gymnasium, and a daily newspaper plant.

There is a large dancing parlor decorated as a palm garden.

The suites and the best cabins each have a private radio by which programs may be received from shore stations.

Beaches for sun bathing are made by white sand and ornamental shade trees.

Each state room has its own card table, a large wardrobe with a full length mirror in the door, and twin beds larger by several inches than the usual twin bed.

Eight de luxe state rooms have private decks let.

Every four state rooms form a block and can be opened into each other to form a suite if desired.

The decorated scheme is of a type which has never before been attempted on a ship.

Each lounge is equipped with a movie sound machine.

Two sister ships, one nearly completed now, are being built. They will be named the "Monterey" and the "Lurline."

This boat is the largest of its kind ever built in New England.

The wonderful features of this boat seem to prove that she is one of the most beautiful and most completely equipped boats ever made.

Eleanor Bicknell '33

REFLECTOR

Tribute

Did you ever stop to think when you see a big snowstorm or banks and banks of snow along the roadways that each little flake is a kingdom all by itself? Each flake has a tiny, intricate design centering around a nucleus. No two patterns have ever been found alike.

In the small town of Jericho, Vermont, lived a poor old man in a small cottage tucked away by the hills. His name was Wilson Bentley. He was the world's foremost snow artist. He had experimented with old-fashioned cameras and plates, taking pictures and recording flakes for over forty years.

On a cold winter morning the neighbors often saw him bundled up in mufflers and heavy mittens, catching his prizes on black cloth. Not the slightest breath could touch the flake, or its beauty was destroyed. Even the warmth of the human body made it disappear quickly. The picture was taken almost instantly, before the wind or draft touched it. Amateurs have found this a difficult and almost impossible task.

Mr. Bentley received no reward for his labor except his own pleasure, but he gave a great gift to research work. During his life time he accumulated over 2,000 plates, each one perfect in itself. Forty-eight hours before last Christmas Mr. Bentley died, knowing more about the science of a single snow flake than any man in the world.

His photographic plates are being sorted and filed by Professor Humphreys, and will soon be published by the American Meteorological Society. His art in snow, though not prominent, is far more permanent and everlasting than any done by snow artists and sculptors today.

Guida Jackson '34

About the Lunch Room

I wonder how many students ever think about their conduct in the lunch room. There are some who think it's funny to abuse or disfigure a thing because it does not belong to them. They don't ever think of the time and money which were spent to make the lunch room as pleasant and comfortable as possible. Instead of keeping right on with what they were doing, they have to stop and laugh at a fellow student who drops or breaks a dish. I often wonder just how they would feel if they were being laughed at. It isn't always an accident that causes someone to drop something. It's because he was trying to show off or be funny. If some of the students would only pretend that the lunch room belonged to them maybe they would be more careful when they are down there.

R. Wells '35

Pupils' Version of School

The school is a prison, the classrooms are cells, and the teachers, wardens, who order and abuse us from eight-forty-five to two-fifteen, the five best hours of the day.

The teachers seldom understand us, and always we are wrong.

Lunch time is a short, too short, recess from drudgery.

We can't even take a nap during a study period, but we are awakened with the ever-famous "Report at two-fifteen."

Report card day is the "Day of Doom," not by Michael Wigglesworth, but by the parents of us wretched pupils, and June seventeenth is the glorious "Day of Rejoicing."

A. Bourque '33

Have You Noticed

That Loretto Buchan is always cold?

That Sue Harper likes to go out to the print shop?

That Kenneth Fitzpatrick has a craving for other people's pens?

The sound effects in 215?

The tilt of Henry Hoffman's hat?

The "waves" in some of the boys' hair?

The Holbrook-Jones vaudeville acts?

The size of some of the freshmen?

Dot Branley's Friday nights?

Edie Baker's "he"?

The Christmas ties and socks?

Barbara Elkington's passion for history?

German class naps?

Arthur Garland's manicures?

Bob Wadman's latest style in masculine clothing?

The Tide of Humanity

The sun was sinking in the west,
Full rosy-hued and bright.
Our gay old world had gone to rest,
Hiding from mortal sight.

How often in our worldly role,
Each eve the sun has set.
The earth has lost another soul,
Cancelled another debt.

As each man died, a new one sprung,
For so it was of old,
And so it stays, through new years rung,
Stamping each different mould.

We wonder—will it never cease,
This taking, giving plan?
Or shall we let it stay in peace,
Losing the best of man?

So it was—we wept for nought—
So it will always be.
We live and love and die, forgot
By the law of eternity.

C. Seach, '34

Mother

The stars are bright, but not so bright
As the light in a mother's eyes;
The flowers are sweet, but not so sweet
As a mother's happy sighs;
Pleasure is kind, but not so kind
As the touch of a mother's hand,
The perfect thing, the magic thing,
That a child can understand.

E. Malisse '32

Lincoln

Tall, thin, and grave,
His long face lined,
His shoulders stooped with worry's weight.
Such was the man
Whom we all knew
To be so noble and so great.

Brow high and broad,
His eyes benign,
His jaw with strength and pow'r outthrust,
His ev'ry act
Mute evidence
That he was worthy of our trust.

In memory
There has been raised
A building strong and plain as he.
Its beauty lies
In unadorned
And dignified simplicity.

Mathilda Pflaumer '32

After a Snowstorm

People may talk of their days in June,
And also of days in October;
But none of these days can ever compare
To a day with snow on the ground.

The ground covered deep, with a blanket of white,
The trees abloom with the same,
And the sun coming up to crown the day,
With a vision rare to be seen.

D. Ryan '32

REFLECTOR

Joys of Washing Dishes

I
Packs of them, stacks of them,
Piled upon the shelf.
"Scrub them and rub them."
How I pity myself!

II
Toiling and boiling,
I spring up to them there,
Attack them and rack them—
No, it isn't fair.

III
I really could abolish them;
Instead I simply polish them.
How can I merely beam at them?
I feel that I must scream at them.

IV
Packs of them, stacks of them,
Still upon the shelf.
I scrub them and rub them,
And am sorry for myself.

V
But now at least, when they're all done,
I laugh at feeling blue.
I wonder now if you know how
I feel, since I am through?

E. Jacobson '35, Div. IB3

Crazy History

Columbus saved Pocahontas,
Alexander the Great conquered Gaul,
Julius Caesar killed his friend Brutus,
But that isn't all.

Our own dear hero, George Washington,
Fought for the freedom of slaves,
But he was defeated at Yorktown
By the President, Rutherford Hayes.

If we only need not study
About Greece being sacked by the Gauls,
Concerning the city of Latium,
And London and all of its falls!

If only the battle of Saratoga
Hadn't started a Civil War,
We wouldn't be studying history,
The thing that is such a bore.

R. Holbrook, '33

Young Loves

I raised my eyes, and chanced to see
Bold Cupid speed a kiss to me.

He looked so lovable, so true,
Now—just what could a young girl do?

I blew one back. "Why not?" I said.
"He cannot harm so young a maid."

Alas, his bow he quickly bent,
And straight a barbed arrow sent.

It pierced me to my very heart.
Ah, me! The torture of that dart!

Since then the rose has left my cheek,
And I so tremble when I speak.

Unnoticed, now the violets blow;
Unwatched, the roses come and go.

All music sings to me in vain;
I care not for its tuneful strain.

But muse and pine, for love has flown,
And I am left to wait alone.

I sigh, I wait, I watch, I weep,
And still for him a vigil keep;

While he, on archer's sport intent,
Forgets on whom his bow was bent.

Girls! A lesson take from me—
Trust not the young rogue's witchery!

For worst of all deceitful things,
Is he—the boy with bow and wings.

F. Smith '32

Sunshine

A frown, like a cloud, may gather,
Till it darkens a perfect day;
But a smile
Is a streak of sunshine
Which will chase all the clouds away.

M. Gardner '35

REFLECTOR

In 1980 They'll Say

I

Long, long ago, in '32,
They had queer ideas about styles and other things too.

II

You never can imagine the funny clothes they wore—
Medium skirts in daytime, at night trailin' on the floor.

III

As to stockings about anything would do—
Mosquito net, the favorite, among the younger crew.

IV

Beauty specialists did a thriving business in those good old days;
Every dame and damsel had her hair pressed into waves.

V

Eyebrows plucked and faces painted,
Until mothers and daughters alike looked sainted.

VI

Night clubs and dances all night through
Were the best in amusement for a few.

VII

They thought to travel by motor and plane
Was the fastest there was for the world to acclaim.

VIII

If they could but see our life of today,
They'd sure be glad they're out of the fray.

M. Freeman '32

Winter

Have you heard the poet sing
Of the joys of winter fair,
Telling of the ice and snow
And of the clear and bracing air?

They sing of wonderful wintry scenes,
The world covered up by snow;
But there's another side of winter,
And this is the side I know.

Our toes and fingers and noses
Are nipped by the frosty air,
And we've overshoes and rubbers
That we really have to wear.

Then there's a lot of coal bills
That in winter we must pay.
I've heard the song the poets sing,
But this is what I say:

His song is truly beautiful
But mine is really true.
Which is better, I cannot say—
I'll leave the choice to you.

Rose Mary Leonard '35

Sea Lore

Ship-yards give birth to mighty ships
That ride o'er seas of towering waves;
Upon these waves they're tossed like chips,
And fearless crews are driv'n like slaves.

Onward like beasts of the sea they plough,
Reaching port with crews that are glad,
Crossing the sea with a dip and a bow.
Sailing time comes, and the crews are sad.

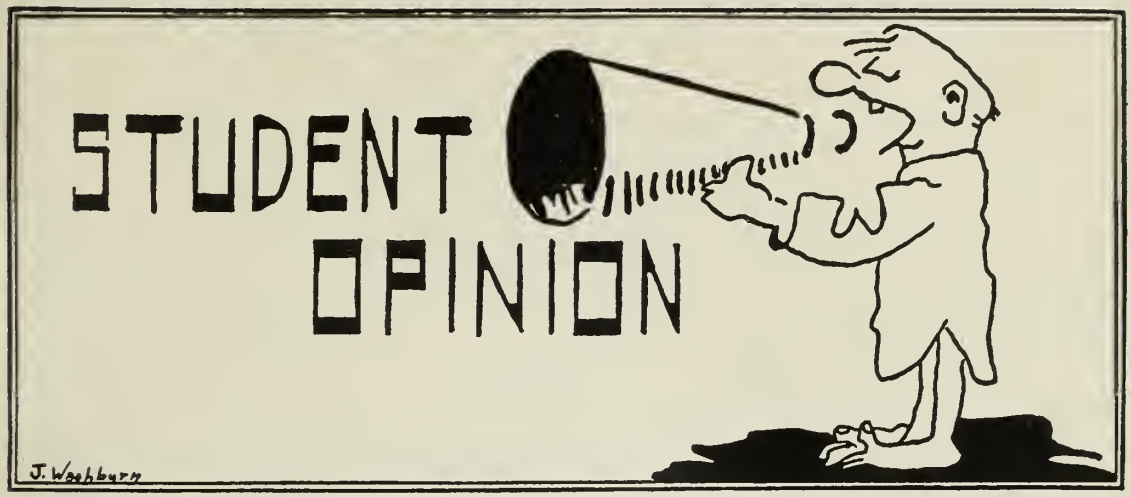
If we could only live this life
As straight and strong as the sturdy ship,
Then we could bear the storm and strife,
And dock at last at our home slip.

C. Evans '32

Survival of the Fittest

With the oval tucked snugly under his arm the Weymouth High back-field man smashes through the centre of a milling mass of humanity. He's through; he sidesteps, dodges, and, sprinting like Frank Wykoff, passes line after line. Behind him thunders a mob of chagrined persons, with their entire efforts bent on smearing and trampling on that fleet sophomore. Having safely got through the first peril, he is also hampered by other persons stationed along the way. He evades them. He looks over his shoulder and grins saucily at their futile efforts to stop him. With the oval still in his possession he makes one desperate surge and crosses the last line. Ah, the first time, all year, that he has been the first one into the lunch room!

Charles Shaw '34



Prop. 1, Theorem

A clock is necessary in every room of a schoolhouse. Room 214, Miss Gross's, library, is lacking one.

Given: Room 214 without clock.

To prove—Room 214 needs a clock.

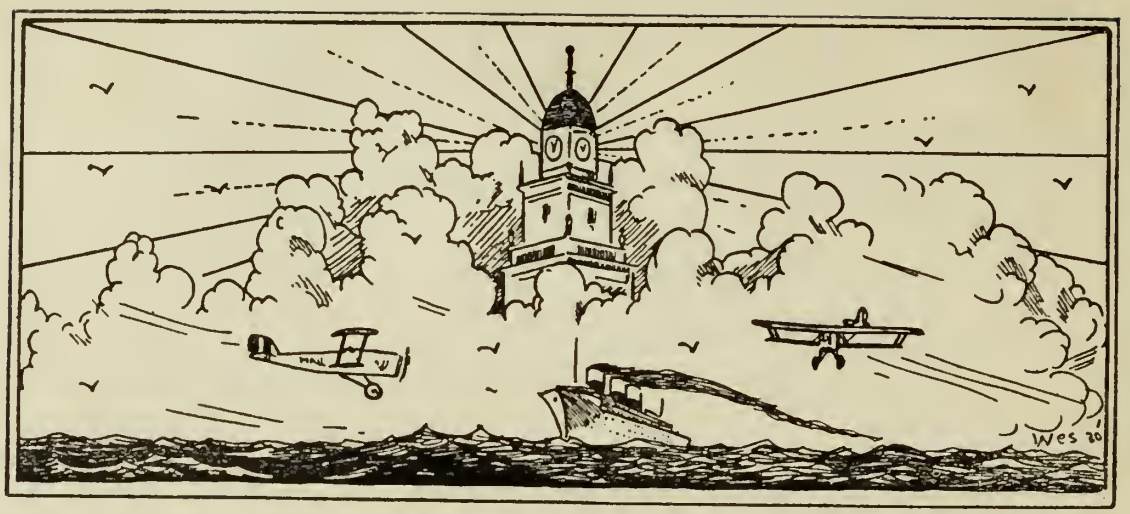
ARGUMENT	REASONS
Proof: 1. Pupils wouldn't be so nervous.	Nervousness is developed by wondering if they have time to finish that note.
2. 214 would not be so noisy and our necks would not be so sore.	One half the time is spent asking some one with a watch what time it is.
3. Pupils could get out of rooms more quickly.	In other studies books are packed up before the bell rings ready for the dash out of room—what a drawback for 214!
4. Without a clock a pupil's time in 214 is a total loss.	If there were a clock, the pupils could at least learn to count the ticks, but now all they can do for amusement is push the chairs and desks around, which is no help to anyone.
5. 214 needs a clock.	

The Wish of the Masculine Gender

Many of the pupils of the masculine sex are complaining because of the lack of mirrors in the lavatories. I know pupils who have not the slightest reason for going down by the lavatory opposite 207 who go down there because there is a mirror in it. Pupils like to go in the one opposite 104 for the same reason. Isn't it rather queer that when the new wing was built, the lavatories in it had everything modern, but no mirrors? Every boy likes to look neat, and it is rather embarrassing to go about with your hair all messed up and your necktie off centre. We boys may talk a lot about the vanity of the fairer sex, but we like to look in the old mirror ourselves. We are all hoping that something will be done to remedy the condition in the near future. *Richard Zeoli*

Give the Other Team a Break

When you go to a basketball game, don't start booing and razzing the other team the minute they come on the floor. If you do, you not only make a bad name for yourself, but you give the school one too. Think twice before you do a thing. When one of the other players is taking a foul shot, don't start making noises and doing things to make him nervous. Treat the other team just as you want your team treated. Everything you do goes back to the other towns and leaves either a good or bad impression of Weymouth High School. If you razz the other teams, they are going to refuse to play us, as Braintree did a short while ago. I'm sure that there isn't a student in Weymouth High who wants that to happen. *R. Whitelaw '35*



League Meeting

On January 20 eight members of our staff taxied to Rockland High School for the second meeting, of the current year, of the Southeastern League of School Publications.

After we had registered and made sure of supper tickets, we wandered through the building, comparing it in every detail to our own. Having placed our seal of approval on the school, we assembled in the hall and were welcomed by Mr. Pearce, Principal of R. H. S., and by E. Vincent Bissonnette, President of the League.

We then dispersed to the various departmental meetings for an hour's discussion of the problems of our various departments.

At 5 o'clock we again assembled in the hall to hear our alumni speakers, all of which were exceedingly fine. First came "The Placement of Articles" by Grace Jacobs. This was followed by "Poetry in the School Paper" by Doris Hobart; "Finances of the School Paper" by Earle Randall; "School News" by Evelyn Orr; and "Different Activities in the School Paper" by Agnes Mahoney. James McAleer, former President of the League and a graduate of '29 from W. H. S., honored us with the last speech, entitled "School Journalism and Its Influence Upon Student Opinion."

On the announcement of supper, there was a mad dash to the cafeteria.

After supper we yelled, sang and cheered, and had a good time in general.

At 7 o'clock we convened to a general business meeting. Mr. Brown awarded the prize won last season for the best school magazine to Braintree High, and for the best paper to Durfee High.

In this contest Weymouth received honorable mention, but we are hot on the trail for trophies this year. So that depends on you, fellow students!

Mr. Francis P. ("Tip") O'Neil held us breathless while he told of the adventures of a night reporter, "getting the news while the public sleeps." He ended with a general invitation to visit him at the "Boston American" Office, the finger-print room, rogues' gallery, and the broadcasting studio. Miss Harper made arrangements for the staff to go in at a later date.

Entertainment by the Literary Club followed. At 10 o'clock to the strains of the Rockland High Band we departed.

N. B. '32

Tech Lectures

A series of fine science lectures are being held at the Technology buildings, one each month. The first, given on December 11 and 12, was an illustrated experimental lecture on "Light, and the World of Atoms" by Prof. George R. Harrison. It was seen by a large group of students from this school. Many of the same students saw the next, held on both January 15 and 16, which was also very interesting. It was entitled "Airships—America Steps Ahead With the Akron," delivered by Professor Richard H. Smith. It was about the history and development of lighter-than-air craft. It was ended by a motion picture of the building of the "Akron." The next one is to be held on February 12- 13, and is to be followed by two more.

Alan Bryant '33

Operetta

The annual operetta, "The Gypsy Rover," was given February 5 and 6 in the High School Auditorium. "The Gypsy Rover" was presented in three acts. The setting of the first act was a gypsy camp, of the second and third, a room in Sir George Martendale's home. Elberta Parker and Porter Churchill were the leading characters, who were ably supported by Edith Pirie, Carmina Petrucci, Dorothy Sprague, Robert Wadman, Alan Bryant, Gardner Jones, Robert Clark, Steve Pratt, Stewart Loud, and Wesley Holbrook. Credit is certainly due to these pupils for their wonderful work in this, for it takes much practice and hard work to present a thing of this sort and present it well.

Credit must also be given to the following: Mrs. McGrath and Miss Canning for their wonderful coaching; Mr. Munroe for his work in directing the singing; Mrs. White for selling candy; Mr. Calderwood, who directed the orchestra; the Sewing Department for the costumes; the Domestic Science Department for the candy; the Art Department for scenery; the Printing Department for the programmes; and the Carpentry Department for scenery and properties. *Loretto Buchan '32*

Le Cercle Francais

At the last meeting of the French Club, held on January 18, we had, as guests, the sophomore division II A 1. After the reports of the secretary and treasurer had been read, the meeting was turned over to the entertainment committee in charge of Parmys Goodale, assisted by Helen Nye. The entertainment consisted of songs and games. Betty True was elected chairman of the entertainment committee for the next time and then the meeting adjourned. *P. Goodale '33*

Junior Class Meeting

A short meeting of the Class of '33 was called on December 21, 1931, by President Paul Foskett. The following students were elected to serve as a committee for a class party: Marylyn Johnson, Dick Mathewson, Georgia Alden, Henry Hoffman, and Alan Bryant. The meeting adjourned at 2:50. *Alan Bryant '33*

Junior Girls See "As You Like It"

On January sixth, at three o'clock, twenty junior girls, chaperoned by Miss Clifford, attended the play "As You Like It," at the Quincy High School. The Ben Greet Players produced it and the parts were certainly well taken, from Orlando, the handsome hero, to the extremely bashful, shriveled up, red-headed William.

In one scene where the attendant to the banished Duke was eating to his heart's delight, an apple rolled from the table to the front of the stage. He rose from his seat, crept upon the apple, and pouncing upon it from behind, stabbed it through the heart with a long knife.

The clown William, really brought down the house. He was small, bony, and could make the most comical faces. The leading lady was gracious and played her part well. From beginning to end the play was a great success.

After our entertainment we, twenty strong, laid siege to and captured by assault a Five-and-Ten-Cent Store. We invaded the soda fountain and, lavishly spending our last precious pennies, regardless of the trip home, filled ourselves with hot-dogs and root-beer to the bursting point. Then Miss Clifford rounded up her flock of well satisfied chickens, and we proceeded through the drizzling rain to the bus stop.

The bus arrived, and we edged into it by degrees, capturing the back seat and all squeezing into it. Goodness knows, how we managed! One by one the jolly troupe parted amid squeals of laughter and fond good-bys.

The trip, I'm sure we all agree, was one grand success! *M. Candy '33*

Varsity Dance

A large number attended the dance given Wednesday afternoon, January 27, by the Varsity Club.

Their dances, so far, have certainly been successful. Surely all enjoyed it—at least they looked as if they did, and I guess they did, because it is hard to look joyful and feel dismal. So let's see if we can't make the next one a bigger success.

E. B. '32

The German Club

The first meeting of the "Der Deutsche Verein" took place in Room 211 on Wednesday, January 20, 1932. The following officers were elected: President, George Monroe; Vice-President, Mathilda Pflaumer; Secretary, Loretto Buchan.

It was voted to hold meetings on the second and fourth Fridays of the month. Any student who takes German is eligible to become a member. The purpose of the club is to enable the pupils to speak German more fluently and to broaden their knowledge of German customs.

We should like all German students to attend these meetings, for we are sure they will not regret doing so. *Loretto M. Buchan, Sec.*

Senior Party

Alas! the depression has come upon the Weymouth High School.

On January 22, 1932 the seniors held their annual party in form of a Poverty Party. Everyone turned out in most attractive as well as poverty-stricken costumes. Awards were given to the best costumes. Miss Canning, dressed in a coat and hat which we believed belonged to her great-grandmother, won the prize for the girls. Peterson, who appeared as Gandhi, was awarded the prize for the boys. Games and dancing followed. Music was supplied by Whittle's Orchestra. Refreshments were served.

I. R. D. '32

New York City

At the Boston Poultry Show, I was chosen as one of the four boys to represent Massachusetts at the National Poultry Judging Contest at the Hotel Taft, New York City.

On Thursday, January 6, I took a train to Boston and boarded a train for Framingham, where I met a 4-H Club leader who took two other boys and me to Worcester. We drove from there to Amherst, where we were to stay for the night. We went out to dinner and then to the Amherst theatre.

On Friday morning, we left for New York. About fifteen miles from Amherst, we picked up the fourth boy and then continued on. We reached New York in the afternoon and visited the Bronx Zoo. After we had registered at the hotel and eaten dinner, we went to the Roxy Theatre, and then returned to the hotel.

On Saturday morning, the contest was held. There were six states entered, which meant about twenty-three individuals from the Eastern States. After dinner we went, as a group, up the Empire State Building, and although the visibility was poor, we enjoyed the trip up and down. We next went to the aquarium and got there just in time to see the keepers close the doors; so we returned to the hotel. At 5:30 P. M. the 4-H Banquet was held. After the banquet came the awarding of prizes. The first team was New Jersey, while Massachusetts was fourth. Of the individuals, New Jersey boys took first and second, a New York boy third, and I was fourth. As soon as the prizes had been awarded, we went to a hockey game at the Madison Square Garden, and saw Howard defeat Toronto 2 to 1. After the game, we went to the Central Theatre, where we enjoyed some good vaudeville.

Sunday morning, we started for home, which we reached soon after dark, after having had a delightful time in the "Wilds of New York."

I wish to express my appreciation to the Weymouth Chamber of Commerce for sponsoring my part of the trip. *J. Smith '32*

Assemblies

During the past month, two assemblies have been held. One was called by Mr. Hilton, who gave us a talk concerning our conduct in the lunch room and also about the sale of basketball tickets. At the second, Mr. Plummer gave us an illustrated sound lecture on travelling in Africa with Mr. and Mrs. Martin Johnson.

A family was riding in an automobile, when they passed a car parked at the side of the road.

"Well, there's one spooning party already," said the father of the family absentmindedly.

Little Mary knitted her brows together and cried, "But, father, where's the knife and forking party?"

Odds and Ends from the Alumni Pen

Many of the alumni of our school are doing very creditably in their respective fields. We find, on investigation, that many of the pupils in the various colleges are honor students and scholarship winners.

At present we have at hand reports from the Massachusetts State College at Amherst, from which comes the following news:

During the fall term there were 132 male honor students. Of these, three were W. H. S. alumni: John P. Veerling, '31; John J. Moulton, '31; Clifford R. Foskett, '28.

Edith M. Tirrell, '31, is a member of the Freshman Class at the Chandler Secretarial School of Boston.

Dent Caton, '31, is now attending Northeastern University.

Andrew Abbott has recently renewed his acquaintance with the High School. He has returned as a post graduate student.

Norman Loud, '29, is proving to be a very able assistant to Mr. Whittle in the Science Department of the school.

We have been informed that there are four Phi Beta Kappa's among our alumni. They are: Miss R. Tirrell, Mrs. D. White, Miss Doris B. Gary, Miss Margaret Stevens.

Miss Abbott, the present clerk in the office, is listed as an alumna.

Paul Bates, '29 is reported as doing extremely well at Harvard University. We have been informed that he has won several scholarships and is very deeply interested in the musical activity of the institution.

Cecelia Higgins, '31 is in training at the Hospital.

Daniel O'Donnell has recently written a very interesting and purposeful booklet on the Constitution of the United States. It has been printed and is now being used in several of the history classes of the High School.

Both James and John McAleer are reported as doing very well in their respective courses at Harvard University and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

Paul Cleaves, '29 is a junior at Dartmouth College.

A number of our teachers graduated from this high school, at one time or another. Among them are Mrs. Barnard, Miss Freeman, Mr. Gannon, Miss Hackett, Miss Hoag, Miss Humphrey, Miss Langford, Mr. Lyons, Mr. O'Donnell, Miss Sheehan, Miss Stockwell, Miss Tirrell, Miss Vining, Mrs. White, Miss Alice White, Mr. Whittle, Miss Abbott, Mr. Hollis.

Arthur Garland, Alumni Editor

Wanted

Bare-faced facts concerning any and all alumni of this high school. Dig up all the information that you can about anybody and everybody that ever graduated from W. H. S. We will even go so far as to record such terrible occurrences as the winning of scholarships, contests, or the gaining of any other type of prize; of high-positioned men in the business world; or any fact at all concerning the activity of our graduates.

But, above all, get some news into the Alumni Page.

Faculty Basketball Team

The faculty of the High School has an exceptionally fine basketball team this year, having won the first three games of the season. They have defeated Quincy Junior High, Middleboro High and the Seniors of Weymouth High.

Other games scheduled are: Feb. 11, Needham at Weymouth; Feb. 18, Braintree at Weymouth (afternoon); March 10, Quincy Junior High at Quincy (afternoon).

The team is managed by James F. Steele. Players are: John K. Delahunt, Wallace L. Whittle, John T. Gannon, Harry F. Duncan, Clarence R. Lyond, John F. Martin, Jalmar N. Nelson, Hilmer S. Nelson, Oral A. Page, Harold C. Sherwood, George O. Stewart, Waldo H. Swan and Fred S. Kennedy.

Weymouth Faculty—37 Quincy Faculty—16

Quincy Junior High Faculty team came to Weymouth, very confident of beating the faculty, but they had not reckoned with the remodeled Weymouth team.

Weymouth was well in the lead at the end of the first half because of the efforts of Mr. Page, the gym teacher. In the third quarter, Mr. Gannon and Mr. Martin, the two flashy forwards, showed speed and passwork under and around the basket that made Quincy seem very slow. Mr. Kennedy, the new captain of the team, did not score, but he played a fine defensive game. Mr. Gannon showed that his eye is still to be compared with the best, when he totaled 14 points in the last quarter. Mr. Steele, the manager, was pleased with the showing the boys made and he is confident that they will go through the season undefeated. The final score was: Weymouth, 37; Quincy Junior High, 16.

Weymouth Faculty—23 Needham—17

After subduing the seniors for their third win of the season, the faculty journeyed to Needham to seek their fourth victory, which they accomplished without much difficulty. Needham was held to one basket and two fouls in the first half while Weymouth piled up 23 points. In the second half Needham came back strong, trying to overcome the lead held by Weymouth, but when the final whistle had blown, Needham was on the short end.

Mr. Whittle was high scorer for Weymouth with 12 points, being followed by Mr. Gannon with 7 points, Mr. Page with 6 points, Mr. Kennedy with 5, and Mr. Martin with 3. Final score was: Weymouth Faculty, 33; Needham, 17.

Weymouth Faculty—49 Middleboro—24

Fresh from the victory they had acquired at the expense of the Quincy Junior High, the faculty basketball team journeyed to Middleboro, and after thirty-two minutes of fine basketball the Weymouth team had tucked another scalp under their belt. The score was: Weymouth, 49; Middleboro, 24. As usual, Mr. Gannon and Mr. Whittle showed that they still can find the basket from the centre of the floor, while Mr.

Page showed that once he gets his hand on the ball under the basket he is sure to put it in. Middleboro was held down to such a low score because they were unable to break through the defence formed by Mr. Kennedy and Mr. Martin.

Weymouth Faculty—36 Seniors—26

After weeks of bragging by the seniors that they could defeat the faculty, Mr. Steele, manager of the team, consented to a game. The contract was signed and the conditions on it were satisfactory to both teams.

The game was held in the Boys' Gym and a record crowd attended. The game started off with a bang and it was so fast that before the crowd knew it the half was over with the faculty leading, 20 to 12. After a rest they resumed playing. Although the seniors tried hard to overcome the lead held by the faculty, they couldn't cope with such sharp shooters as Mr. Page, Mr. Gannon, and Mr. Whittle, and such defence players as Mr. Kennedy and Mr. Martin. After the final gun had been fired the faculty emerged victor by the score of 36 to 26.

Girls' Athletics

Although the enthusiasm in girls' sports has increased in the last year, they will not be allowed to play outside schools. However, they will have class teams, and there will be just as many interesting games played between the class rivals.

The Senior High will practise until two weeks before vacation and then play the regular games, while the Junior High will play between themselves one week ahead of their upper classmen.

So far, the seniors seem to have the best team, with the juniors not far behind them. These two teams will be the best "bet" for excitement. The sophomores will take a chance along with the freshmen in an attempt to beat them, but the chances are small.

The first team of each class has not, as yet, been picked, and there is a hard job ahead for Miss Hoag.

Patricia Lyons '32

The Class Basketball League

The Class Basketball League started on January 12, with the seniors playing the juniors and the sophomores playing the freshmen. At this writing the seniors appear to be the strongest outfit in the league. The seniors will have on their team such former stars as Taylor, the original "Nuno," now ineligible because of the four-year rule; Dave Stella, who will play for this team just long enough to strengthen his ankle, which he hurt playing football, and he then will join the 'varsity outfit; and John Shields, former 'varsity player, now ineligible for the same reason as Taylor.

The reason for this league is to allow the coach to get an idea of the players in the school which he might have overlooked. Another reason is to give those who do not know the game a chance to learn. The teams are coached by players from the 'varsity. This practice gives the boys on the squad a chance to learn how to coach.

The winner of the league will receive one point on the cup which is awarded to the class having the most points at the end of the school year.

Thomas Stetson '32

Don't Slay the Referee

When our good team is losing,
  Whate'er the cause may be,
We'll be good-natured as we can—
  Not slay the referee.

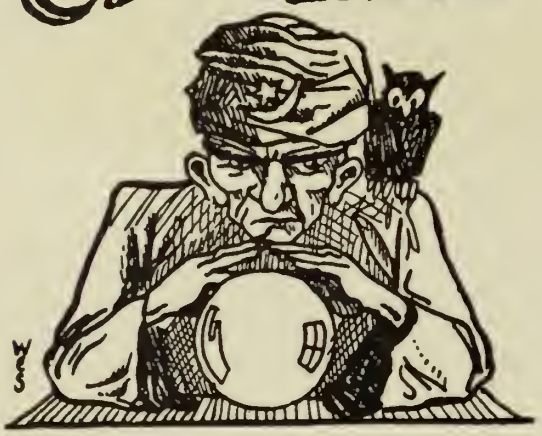
'Tis always good to conquer;
  To lose is but slight shame;
We'll hope to see our school team win,
  But we'll cheer on just the same.

Be sure to cheer the other men
  For strokes of clever play,
And make them glad that they are here.
  At Weymouth High today.

And if we're finally beaten,
  Annoying though it be,
Take the defeat good naturedly;
  Don't slay the referee.

W. Stevens '35

THE CRYSTAL BALL



Dear Flannelmouth:
Do you know why there are more auto wrecks than train wrecks?

Lloyd Eldridge

Ans: Sure. Because the fireman isn't always hugging the engineer.

Dear Flannelmouth:
Why does Porter Churchill carry a pair of scissors around with him?

Elberta Parker

Ans: For cutting classes.

Dear Flannelmouth:
What is the meaning of "abstract" and "concrete"?

Tom Sheehan

Ans: If one of the girls in the cooking class promises to make a cake, that's abstract. If she does make it, that's concrete.

Dear Flannelmouth:
Why do you always wear black stripes on your tie?

Dick Matheson

Ans: Business is dead.

Dear Flannelmouth:
How did Hannibal treat his slaves?

Louie Spritza

Ans: They lived in a terrible manor.

Dear Flannelmouth:
The other day when I looked out the window from 211, I saw smoke on the horizon. Do you know what it was?

"Squash" Daley

Ans: Where there's smoke, there are W. H. S. pupils smoking. (Page Mr. Whittle!)

Dear Flannelmouth:
Stewie Loud has a good voice, hasn't he? He can hold a note for one-half minute.

Pauline Davis

Ans: That's nothing. I've held one of his notes for two years.

Dear Flannelmouth:
Is the musical saw really a prominent jazz instrument?

Donny Keefe

Ans: W-e-e-ll, it is especially effective when drawn from left to right across a ukelele.

Dear Flannelmouth:
Why was Ralphie Stewart late at the Varsity Dance?

Gerald Donovan

Ans: He tossed a coin to see whether he'd go to the dance or do his homework, and he had to flip 15 times.

Dear Flannelmouth:
How come your girl calls you "Louie"?

Elliott Vining

Ans: I'm her fourteenth.

Dear Flannelmouth:
Are you married?

Roxana Fields

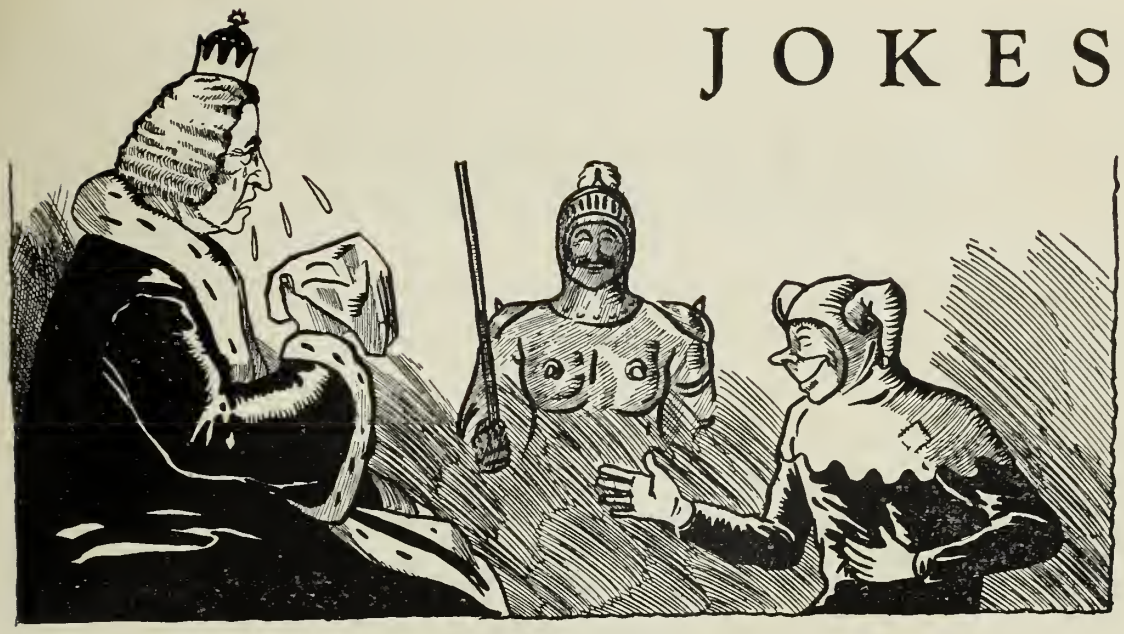
Ans: No, I make all my own mistakes.

Dear Flannelmouth:
Why do some of the team take a bath in liniment after a game?

"Stan" Neptune

It makes them smart, Stan.

JOKES



"What is a pedestrian, Daddy?"

"It is a person with a wife, daughter, two sons, and a car."

"American Boy"

Teacher: Johnny, I want you to give me a sentence employing "piquancy".

Johnny: Ma asked me this morning if pa was 'wake yet, an' I said, "I'll take a peek an' see."

"American Boy"

The team was on the one-yard line, forming for the next play.

Coach (to boys on bench): What would you do in this case?

Leslie: Move down on the bench so I could see the play better.

"The Student's Pen"

Senior: We have "Macbeth" for English.

Freshman: We have Miss Copeland.

"Scarlet Tanager"

Prof: So you're well read? Do you like O. Henry?

Stude: Naw, the peanuts stick to my teeth.

"The Abhis"

Stenog: There's a salesman with a mustache outside.

Boss: Tell him I don't want one.

"The Echo"

Sailor (struggling in water): Help, drop me a line!

Captain: Yeh, and you write me sometime, too.

"The Unquity Echo"

"My! I'm certainly getting a lot out of this course," said the chemistry student, as he walked home with his pockets full of laboratory equipment.

"The Climber"

"Strange things come to pass," said Mr. Hilton as he watched the students go out of assembly.

"The Reflector"

"I wish to marry your daughter, sir."

"What is your occupation?"

"I am an actor, sir."

"Then get out before the foot lights."

"The Blue Owl"

Reverend (at christening): "His name, please?"

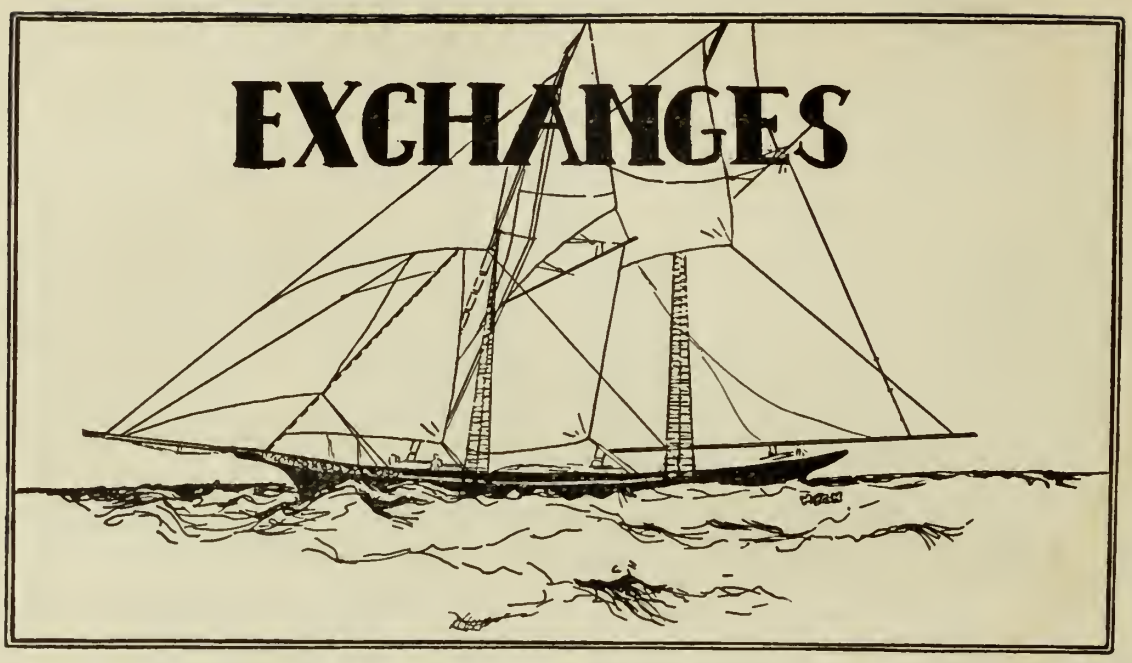
Mother: "Algernon Philip Percival Reginald Mortimer Duckworth."

Reverend (to assistant): "A little more water, please."

Stern teacher: "What is a relief map?"

Schoolboy: "My girl's face after looking at yours all day."

EXCHANGES



Come, student body, let's take a cruise with the good ship Exchange and see what other schools are doing!

Captain Reflector: Ah, we are off! I hear the *Breezes* of West Newbury whispering that they are well pleased with us, but suggest that the alumni be worked up a little more.

First Mate: Why is that bird circling the ship?

Captain Reflector: A *Blue Owl!* Well, let's see what wisdom it has to offer. Oh, it tells of the Torch Club, Hi-Y Club, Radio Club, Footlight Club, Debating Club and French Club at Attleboro — it makes us reflect where are our clubs back at our port WEYMOUTH!

First Mate: It brings a message regarding you too, Captain Reflector. It says you are well composed and very fine, and it looks forward to seeing you again. It also adds: "We especially compliment the printing department. We enjoyed The Crystal Ball very much. We also thought Student Opinion a very good idea."

Captain Reflector: In looking over the *Record,* a commendable magazine, I see that Newburyport has a Student Council, whereby the students may know the teachers better and become more interested in problems of the school. The members are taken from the band, football, girls' sports, clubs and other school organizations. They help the school officials lay the year's program, help students and prove valuable in many more ways.

First Mate: Who is that coming up the companion-way?

Captain Reflector: Welcome, *American Boy,* who brings us news of various schools around!

American Boy: Here is something interesting from Colorado Springs. Members of the High School Chemistry Club recently filled balloons with hydrogen, and liberated them. Each student's name was on his balloon. One student later heard from Texas, where his balloon was received. I also see where Evanston, Ill., H. S. has an employment bureau for graduates.

Captain Reflector: Thank you, *American Boy.*

First Mate: Ha, what's this we're approaching?

Captain Reflector: Island *Semaphore.*

First Mate: We have a cable from them: "The arrival of your paper was a cause for many fine comments. It was a magazine one had to read from cover to cover and didn't want to stop at the last word. We envy your fine material in stories, editorials, and poetry. The bits of humor sprinkled through seemed like a smile on every page."

Captain Reflector: May I merit such fine criticism! As we draw nearer, I can see the outstanding *Durfee Hilltop,* the seat of the famous Student Oracle.

First Mate: I see that the Oracle sanctions a

H. S. dance orchestra, which plays at the H. S. social affairs.

Captain Reflector: Who would have thought we were beaching on such an ancient isle! Why, here is a *Sea Chest!* Such a wealth of interest we find in it, all connected with the sea!

First Mate: This island must be deserted; I can hear an *Echo.* I hope it comes again; I enjoy listening to it.

Captain Reflector: Well, it isn't completely deserted. Here is a *Scarlet Tanager,* from Connecticut. It brings interest concerning their biology department. The students were quite alarmed, one day, to find that their frog, George, had been accidentally given to the copperhead. Both are specimens. They also have a live alligator.

First Mate: This is truly a romantic isle. I see two Indian chiefs approaching—*Sachem* and *Wamapatuck.* They both delight me by their fine composure and clever pictures.

Captain Reflector: Such a beautiful night! Can you see that *Northern Light?*

First Mate: Yes, and it brings startling information concerning Alaska—let me quote, "Yes, Alaska is civilized! Some of the schools outside who have received our paper in their exchanges and have read it are rather surprised to find that we have a high school, Parent Teacher Associations, various sports, and that we are civilized. Perhaps we surprise them more than they surprise us, for we find examples of this lack of information about Alaska quite often. We students are no different from the students in the States. Our climate is just as mild as that outside! We have some of the sports that you have in your schools, and for those we can't have we substitute others. Our amusements are the same. We have talkies, dances, parties, and card playing. In fact we keep the Cheechakos so busy with our amusements that they have a hard time getting enough sleep, and when they leave, the majority of them always come back. We are playing basketball and indoor golf; we are driving cars; we are seeing and hearing talking pictures and feeling that we are as modern as the high school students in the States."

N. Beaton, '32

Jimmy's Dream

Jimmy Jones realized that the semester would soon be over and that examinations were close at hand. So, being an earnest student, he began one evening to review his work. It was late when he went to bed, and, in the morning, he awoke with a clear memory of a very queer dream.

The one person Jimmy saw in his dream was a bearded man in a long robe. When the man turned a little, Jimmy saw that he had another face where the back of his head should have been.

"Would you mind telling me who you are, sir?" asked Jimmy.

"I am Janus, the Roman god of all beginnings and endings. January, the first month of the year, is most sacred to me. I have two faces so that I can look back upon past events and forward to the events coming in the new year. You must remember that without knowing about the past we cannot understand the things that are to happen. Other dwellers of the spirit world that have done much in the past years are the Spirit of Peace, the Spirit of Democracy, the Spirit of Aviation, and many others, but the greatest of all is the Spirit of Education."

"Without the work of the Wright brothers, there would be no great Lindberghs today. Without Washington and Lincoln, we could not have had our great President Hoover. Without the teachings of past great thinkers, there would be no movement for lasting peace today. Without knowledge, you and other students will make nothing of your lives. Before I go, I want to tell you to work hard, study hard, play hard, and make each year the most profitable and greatest of all."

With these words the Roman god vanished, but his message will stay with Jimmy for years to come.

Enez Melkon '34

A Londoner speaks over the telephone: "Yes, this is Mr. 'Arrison. What, you can't 'ear? This is Mr. 'Arrison—*haitch, hay,* two *hars,* a *his,* a *hess,* a *ho,* and an *hen.*"

New Tuxedos For Rent

Ask for Special W.H.S. Rates

FULL DRESS
CUTAWAYS
Shirts, Shoes, etc
TUXEDOS

READ & WHITE

111 SUMMER STREET and
93 MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE
BOSTON
Woolworth Bldg., Providence, R. I.

RHINES LUMBER Co.

The safe place to buy
Good Building Material

Wey. 1640

148 COMMERCIAL STREET
WEYMOUTH

DONOVAN DRUG CORP.

The Service Stores

Tel. Wey. 1501-1502

A great many people avail themselves of our free delivery service. Why not you? Next time you need drug store merchandise, please phone your order.

Please Patronize Our Advertisers

ASA B. PRATT

Groceries, Candy, Tobacco, Soda,
Lending Library
LINCOLN SQUARE
Tel. Wey. 1637

HERBERT M. TRUE

Groceries and Provisions
WASHINGTON SQUARE
Tel. Bra. 1540

FRESH EGGS

Deliveries by order
P. H. FAY
336 Broad St., East Weymouth
Tel. Wey. 0356-W

Tel. Weymouth 2150

Chester N. Fogg.

Jeweler

Watch, Clock and Jewelry Repairing

71 WASHINGTON ST.
WEYMOUTH, MASS.

Mildred's Beauty Shoppe

All Lines of Beauty Culture

SPECIALS TUESDAY AND FRIDAY
MARCELLING 50 CENTS

27 Prospect St., Weymouth,
Tel., Wey. 1127-M

Northeastern University

The School of Engineering

In co-operation with engineering firms, offers curricula leading to the Bachelor of Science degree in the following branches of engineering:

CIVIL ENGINEERING
MECHANICAL ENGINEERING
ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING
CHEMICAL ENGINEERING
INDUSTRIAL ENGINEERING

The School of Business Administration

Co-operating with business firms, offers courses leading to the degree of Bachelor of Science in the following fields of business:

ACCOUNTING
BANKING AND FINANCE
BUSINESS MANAGEMENT

The Co-operative Plan of training enables the student to combine theory with two years of practice and makes it possible for him to earn his tuition and a part of his other school expenses.

Students admitted in either September or December may complete the scholastic year before the following September.

For catalog or further information write to:
NORTHEASTERN UNIVERSITY
MILTON J. SCHLAGENHAUF, Director of Admissions
Boston, Massachusetts

Business Courses

FOR YOUNG MEN—
Business Administration and Accounting Courses as preparation for sales, credit, financial and accounting positions. College grade instruction. Highly specialized technical training in two years.

FOR YOUNG WOMEN—
Executive Secretarial, Stenographic Secretarial, Stenographic, and Finishing Courses as preparation for attractive secretarial positions. Individual advancement.

FOR BOTH Young Men and Young Women—
Business and Bookkeeping Courses as preparation for general business and office positions.

For new illustrated catalogue, sent without obligation, address
F. H. BURDETT, President

Burdett Training

—whether secured before or after college, is helpful throughout life. It is an essential part of the equipment of every young person in seeking employment or in building a career. Courses include basic subjects with several distinct opportunities for specialization. Instruction intensely practical. Close attention paid to individual needs. Separate courses for men and women.

Burdett students last year came from 70 universities and colleges, 356 high schools, 114 academies, and 165 other business, normal, and special schools. Graduates of Burdett College receive the assistance of a well-organized placement service. School facilities are unsurpassed. Students are trained by an able and experienced faculty. Previous business training is not required for entrance. Correspondence is invited.

FALL TERM BEGINS SEPTEMBER 6th

BURDETT COLLEGE

A Professional Business School of College Grade
156 STUART STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

Mr. William Donovan
Ms. Carol S. Donovan
61 Thicket St
Weymouth MA 02190-1264